

THE FAVORITE

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THE GITANA.

Expressly translated
for the FAVORITE
from the French
of Xavier de
Montepin.

THE LOTERIA.

Our story dates
back over a hun-
dred years.

The opening scene
is laid in Cuba, that
wonderful island
which stands like a
giant sentinel at
the mouth of the
Gulf of Mexico, be-
tween the Atlantic
Ocean and the Car-
ibbean Sea.

On a September
evening in the year
1770 towards seven
o'clock three quar-
ters of the popula-
tion of Havana
were gathered on
the quays and the
pier of the port and
the sandy beach
which spread
away on either
side washed by the
still unrippling sea.

During the day
the heat had been
intense. The city,
the surrounding
country, the beach,
and the sea had
been inundated by
a flood of molten
light and scorching
heat; and to this
had succeeded an
evening which in
point of coolness
had but little to re-
commend itself. Al-
though the blazing
King of Day had
disappeared behind
a huge bank of
crimson clouds, the
heated walls of the
houses, the baking
pavements, and the
scorching sand on
the sea-shore gave
out an almost in-
supportable heat.

In vain the
crowds of people
who had left their
close homes in the
hope of inhaling the
fresh evening sea-
breeze pressed for-
ward to the most
exposed positions.
Not a breath of air
was abroad. The
sea, as far as the
eye could reach, was
as calm and glassy as
a lake, and in the
gardens which sur-
rounded the city the
leaves hung motion-
less in the still air.

Away out on the
horizon a large mer-
chant vessel flying
the Spanish flag had
rode at anchor since
morning waiting a
chance of making the
port. Her white sails
hung loosely from the
yards like the broken
wings of some great
seagull.

A dozen small boats,
manned by naked ne-
groes had just left the
harbor, and were slowly
making their way to-
wards the ship to take
off the passengers; but
it was easy to see by
the unwilling manner
in which the negro boat-
men plied their oars, that
the trip would take at
least five or six hours.

Among the motley
crowd of all shades of
color—from the pink-
cheeked Havana belles
to the full-blooded ne-
gro—who were eagerly
waiting for the evening
breeze, not the least
remarkable personage
was a young man of
about twenty-four,
of medium height,
slightly built, with a
pale spiritual face that
bore unmistakable
signs of recent illness.
A gentleman evidently,
and the keen observer
would have added, a
Frenchman—an officer.

Not that his costume
was any index to his

rank, for his dress was
simplicity itself. A broad
straw hat, an easy jacket
and ample trousers of
white drill—there was
nothing in this to excite
attention. At his side
hung a small rapier,
the hilt of which peeped
through an opening in
his coat. In those days,
however, side-arms
formed no unusual fea-
ture in a gentleman's
costume, and so his rapier
caused no remark. On
his feet he wore low
shoes with red heels and
large silver buckles, es-
sential particulars in
the dress of a Versailles
courtier of the time.

The young man ap-
peared to be completely
isolated in the midst of
the crowd which sur-
rounded him. He spoke
to no one and gave in-
dubitable signs—among
which frequent yawns
were not the least notice-
able—of being a perfect
victim to ennui. For all
that was going on
around him he manifested
utter indifference. But
when in the crowded
promenade he happened
to be jostled by a negro
or a person of color he
elbowed his aggressor
aside with a haughty
gesture and a look of
supreme contempt. It
was evident that he
looked down upon all
unfortunate mortals who
could not boast of a
skin as white as his own
as only one degree re-
moved from the ape.

In vain the bright
eyes of the Cuban
senoritas glanced from
behind their Spanish
mantillas with much
curiosity and perhaps
not a little interest on
the pale face and
haughty demeanor of
the young Frenchman;
in vain their small
hands, delicately gloved,
toyed with the span-
gled fans into the move-
ment of which they
knew how to throw so
much grace and coquet-
tish expression. The
French officer was com-
pletely unmoved. Nay
more; he was bored.
Slowly he continued
his stroll, now and then
stopping to wipe his
forehead with a fine
linen handkerchief.

Suddenly a murmur
of relief broke from
the multitude. A couple
of hundred yards from
the end of the pier lay
a small sailing boat at
the mast-head of which
hung a small crimson
flag that for half-an-
hour past had been
eagerly watched by the
panting promenaders.
The little flag was
beginning to stir; it
finally lifted and
streamed out in the air.
The sea-breeze had
come at last. A few
moments later the dead
silence which had pre-
vailed gave way to the
murmur of many voices.
It was no longer too
hot to talk and every-
one—excepting the
Frenchman—broke into
conversation.

By degrees the ex-
pression of infinite
weariness cleared from
his face and gave place
to a look of gratifica-
tion and eager expectan-
cy. Feeling in his
pockets he hastily
pushed open the gate
and strode across the
garden. Under the
portico which gave
egress into the house a
huge negro was gently
swaying himself to and
fro in an easy rocking
chair, his eyes half shut,
and evidently enjoying
to the full the delicious
far niente in which he
was indulging. At sight
of the visitor he rose
and with a profound bow
threw open the door,
revealing two large
rooms in each of which
a number of men were
eagerly engaged around
several small tables.

In one of these the
game of loto, or *loteria*
was in full swing; the
other was devoted to
monte. The place was
a gambling-hell.

As the visitor entered
the former apartment a
game was about termi-
nating. The croupier,
seated on a raised bench
and holding in one hand
an embroidered chamols
bag was slowly crying
the numbers, repeating
thrice in order to avoid
mistake or confusion.

The Frenchman leaned
against the wall, and
while waiting for the
commencement of a new

In the meantime
the night had quickly
followed the last rays
of the sun's light. The
silver broke out one
by one on the deep
blue background of
the sky, and the
moon emerged,
round and red like
the shield of one of
Homer's heroes,
from behind the
rocky summit of a
lofty hill.

After an hour's
enjoyment of the
unwonted freshness
the Frenchman
retreated his steps
towards the city.
Passing along the
Lameda Promenade
he entered a long
street known then
as now as the *Caña*
del Obispo, from
which he again
turned abruptly
into a narrow
street or lane
named the *Caña*
du Pasco. There
were very few
houses on the
lane, and all of
these bore, for one
reason or another,
but indifferent re-
putations.

The young man
stopped before a
grated gate which
led into a small
garden closely
planted with trees
and shrubs from
which hung a num-
ber of Chinese lan-
terns that threw a
faint and uncertain
light upon the path
leading to the
house beyond.

The house ap-
peared to be good-
sized, though it was
but a single storey
high. Through the
slats of the closed
Venetian blinds
broke a bright light
and the noise of
many voices,
through which one
could from time to
time distinguish
the ring of gold,
broke into the still
evening air. The
voices were loud
and angry, and
curses and oaths
were neither few
nor far between.

For a few mo-
ments the young
man stood at the
gate in a listening

"THE GIRL BOUNDED INTO THE CENTRE OF THE CIRCLE, AND RATTLING HER CASTANETS BROKE INTO THE VOLUPTUOUS MOVEMENTS OF THE DANCE."



game quietly examined the room and its occupants. As to the former, nothing could be more primitive. The walls were barely white-washed, and the roof upheld by small rafters painted bright red. For furniture there were some sixty small tables, also painted red, and perhaps twice as many common cane chairs. All the tables, with one or two exceptions, were occupied by *loteria* players.

If the furniture was not calculated to excite much curiosity, it was otherwise with the players. There were Havaneese, Spaniards, Jamaica and San Domingo traders, colonists from Florida, and slave ship *capitanos*. Some of the motley crew were clad with the richest extravagance—magnificently embroidered *serapes* thrown over the shoulder, hat-bands of strings of fine pearls, richly mounted pistols in the belt, and enormous diamonds, clumsily mounted, shone in their shirt-fronts. Others were simply clad in rags.

Notwithstanding the difference in their dress, however, the players were on the best of terms with one another. The proprietors of the embroidered *serapes* mingled freely and chatted on equal terms with the wearers of tattered *calzoneras*. The fact is, two things only were necessary to obtain admission to the gambling-house,—money and blood. The most notorious evil-doers were welcome provided they could prove the presence of dollars in their pockets and the absence of mixed blood in their pedigree. Any one with a drop of negro or Indian blood in his veins, who might have ventured to present himself, would, undoubtedly—even were he possessed of the riches of Croesus—have been ignominiously turned, nay, kicked out on the spot. Jupiter, the big negro who acted as porter, had his orders on this point, and we may be sure he respected them.

A remarkable feature in all the players, of whatever station, was the fierce, vulture-like look with which they followed the game. In each the cruel face, the gleaming eye, and the eager, rapacious glance was repeated. Of all who were assembled in the room the Frenchman was the only young man.

Finally the game came to an end amidst a general hubbub. The servants of the establishment collected and shuffled the cards, while the fortunate winners received their winnings from their croupier.

After some five minutes' interruption the croupier drew from his pocket an immense oval chronometer.

"*Senores*," he said, in Spanish, "it is half-past nine. According to the invariable custom of the house the price of each card will, for the remainder of the evening be raised from six dollars to an *onza* (ounce) of gold."

No objection was made, for the *loteria*, like the lot of the present day, was merely a kind of pool, in which the winner pocketed the stakes of all the players. If the stakes were tripled the winnings were increased in proportion.

A few of the gamblers, the contents of whose pockets would not allow them to indulge in such high play, withdrew, while the servants distributed the cards and collected the money in small bowls made of cocoa-nut shells.

The Frenchman took two cards and sat himself down at one of the small tables. In the meantime the croupier had resumed his seat and began to call out the numbers.

The game was necessarily one of intense interest, in view of the large sums at stake. About a hundred cards were out, and the stake thus consisted of over seventeen hundred dollars, from which a small percentage, "for the good of the house," had to be deducted.

It was very evident from the half-drawn breaths, the dead silence, and the livid pallor which overspread the countenances of some of the players, that more than one of their number had risked his last *onza*.

The suspense, however, did not last long. The croupier had hardly called twenty numbers, when a voice called out in a triumphant tone, "*Quine!*"

A volley of oaths, half-stifled imprecations and curses greeted the announcement. Every one left his seat, and the eyes of all turned with looks of intense envy and covetousness on the fortunate winner.

THE DANCING GIRL.

The Frenchman—for he it was on whom fortune had so kindly smiled—endeavored in vain to maintain his composure and to hide his joy from the jealous eyes that surrounded him. Assuming an air of indifference he made his way towards the high narrow counter on which the croupier was arranging in small piles the broad gold pieces which formed the stake. The latter, as the fortunate winner approached, greeted him with the stereotyped smile which the croupiers of all ages and all countries are accustomed to assume on addressing a successful player.

"Be good enough," said the young man, laying down the winning card, "to see that the numbers are correct."

"Oh *senor*," returned the other with an obsequious air, "that would never do. It would be, as it were, casting a doubt upon your honor's word."

This, however, did not appear to meet the views of the players, among whom arose a murmur of discontent.

"See that it's correct!" cried an ill-looking Mexican in a harsh, commanding tone. "It's the rule. We except no one. All are equal here."

"Your honor will excuse me," returned the

croupier. "It is indeed the rule. I should have liked to have made an exception in your case, but the honorable gentlemen insist."

Agreeably to the will of the "honorable gentlemen"—and a more villainous lot of honorable was never seen—the examination was made and the numbers were found correct.

"Here is the amount," said the croupier more obsequiously than ever. "Will your honor be pleased to count it?"

"It is not necessary. Although it may be the rule of the house I can afford to make an exception."

"Will your honor carry the money, or shall I send it to-morrow?"

"I will take it myself. Be good enough to put it up in paper."

While the croupier was wrapping up the coin in small rolls, taking care to slip in all the pieces of doubtful nature and short weight, the door opened and two new comers entered the room.

The first of this was a man, the other a young girl—both street-singers and dancers.

The man, who might have been any age between twenty-five and forty, offered a most singular appearance. At first glance the most prominent feature about him was his immense nose, long and curved like the beak of a bird of prey. His one eye—for only one was visible, the other being covered by a black neckerchief, shone with an almost supernatural brilliance. His lips were so thin that although his mouth was large when closed it resembled a half-healed scar. In the expression of his face, absurd as it was, there was something frightfully revolting. It was easy to read in his whole countenance cruelty, rapacity, and treachery. He was evidently a man who would hesitate at no crime and shrink from no infamy. Nor was the general appearance of his person any more prepossessing than the expression of his countenance. On his head he wore an immense *sombrero* which half concealed the baleful visage beneath. His long body and slender legs were clad in a greasy tunic of faded velvet and knee-breeches so thoroughly worn and weather-stained that it would have been impossible to determine the material. From the knee down to the ankle his legs were bare, the feet being shod with sandals of untanned skin. In one hand this strange personage held a small tambourine, and across his shoulders hung a cross belt with a guitar attached. A second belt sustained an immense sword with a rusty steel hilt.

A greater contrast than that offered by the companion of this queer being could hardly be imagined.

She appeared to be at the most eighteen or twenty, judging by her *contour* and by the lower part of her face, the upper half of which was hidden under a thick lace veil.

It would be difficult to conceive anything simpler and yet more graceful than her costume. Her Mexican tunic of semi-transparent material, cut low in the neck and with very short sleeves, fitted closely to a slim and delicate waist around which was drawn a scarf of crimson crape. Below this a short muslin skirt embroidered with flowers reached to a knee that was perfection itself, leaving bare a divinely turned leg and a little foot worthy of Cinderella, shod in a delicate white silk slipper with a crimson rosette. Her hair hung to her feet in two heavy plaits, tied with pink ribbon, and on the left side of her gracefully poised head a rose nestled amid the folds of her veil, through which could be distinguished the flashes of two bright black eyes. On her left arm lay one of those mandolines with which the pictures of Vanloo have made us familiar, on which she carelessly struck a few strains with the rosy fingers of her right hand. In all the movements of the young girl there was an indefinable charm which it is impossible to describe—a chaste, yet voluptuous grace which was incomprehensible in one of her calling.

In the meantime the man had struck an attitude. With the right leg thrown forward and his left hand resting on his hip, the elbow on a level with his shoulder, he made a ridiculous show enough. Putting on the hideous grin which did duty in the place of a smile he slightly threw back his *sombrero*, and striking a single note of warning on his tambourine, began in a hard hoarse voice.

"*Senores*, *hidalgos*, and gentlemen, we are about to have the honor and pleasure, the *senora* and myself—your very humble servant—of charming your ears with our incomparable notes. The *senora* here, who is known as the Song-bird of Havana, and I—your humble servant—whom people call the Sweet Singer of Cuba, will reproduce with tambourine and mandoline accompaniment, the newest Spanish *seguedillas* and the latest songs from the French Opera. If you wish it, *senores*, *hidalgos*, and gentlemen, the *senora* here will execute to the castanets the dance known as the *bolero* of Seville, and I—your very humble servant—will imitate the song and cries of well known birds and animals. Now then, *senora*! One, two, three!"

Saying this the one-eyed stranger commenced a measure upon his tambourine. The Song-bird struck in with the mandoline and the two united their voices in a *seguedilla*. The man's voice, we have said, was hard and hoarse when he spoke, but strange to say when he broke into song it changed into the clearest and most melodious tenor. As for the young girl, her singing was beyond praise. The *seguedilla* was followed by an *arrieta* sung by the girl alone to a mandoline accompaniment. Then came a quaint queer song, the words of which were unintelligible and the air unknown, but into which the singer threw so much passion and pathos

that the ill-looking gamblers to a man burst into applause.

When the *senora* had duly acknowledged the *bravos* of the crowd the man stepped forward and gave his promised imitations of the cries of the birds and animals of the island. He met, however, with but slight encouragement. Everyone in the audience was too impatient for the *bolero* to pay much attention to his mimicry.

After a few minutes' intermission the dance commenced. While the girl laid aside her mandoline and adjusted the castanets, her companion took up his position. As he struck the first note on his tambourine the girl bounded into the centre of the circle formed by the admiring audience, and rattling her castanets broke into the voluptuous movements of the dance. When she had finished, a thundering *encore* burst from the crowd. Bowing in token of submission to the wish of her audience she took out the rose she had worn in her hair and detaching one of the petals placed it inside one of her dainty slippers, and recommenced the *bolero*. When she had finished she again slipped off her slipper, and held up the rose-leaf as fresh as when she had plucked it from the flower. With this the performance closed amidst the most frantic applause.

When the noise had subsided, the one-eyed man lifted his *sombrero* and ceremoniously bowed towards the four corners of the room.

"*Senores*, *hidalgos* and gentlemen," he exclaimed, "since we have been fortunate enough to succeed in pleasing amateurs of such taste and enlightenment as yourselves, we must look upon this day as the happiest of our lives. Our feeble efforts have been already too highly paid by your applause. The success we have obtained is indeed far above our merits; your approval is of more value in our eyes than all the wealth of the universe. But alas! gentlemen, one must live. The *senora* here and I—your very humble servants—are not ashamed of our honorable poverty, and we shall be proud to receive from your noble hands any acknowledgment of our humble efforts. Now then, *senora*! one, two, three!"

The *senora* slipped her castanets into the pocket of her skirt, and producing from the same receptacle a small tin basin, glided among the admiring crowd. Without uttering a word, she presented the basin to one after another of the audience. The performance had met with such favor that the gamblers were more than usually generous. A rain of reals poured into the bowl, and before the *dansuse* had made half the round of the spectators it was full. Returning to her companion, who had eagerly watched the contributions as they poured in, she emptied the basin into his hat and returned to complete the collection.

The young officer was still standing by the counter, where the croupier was putting up the stakes in *rouleaux*. As the dancing girl approached them, the Frenchman dropped three shining gold pieces into her basin. Astonished at such unwonted generosity, the girl paused and fixed her large shining eyes upon the young man's handsome face. Then slightly bending her head, with a bewitching smile she raised his hand and pressed it to her lips.

(To be continued.)

"MY WIFE."

"She's a very nice woman, my dear Mickleberry, a very nice woman indeed," said Mr. Partanbridge sagely, "but you allow her to dictate too much. For instance, my wife should never tell me not to smoke in the drawing-room on account of the curtains."

"It does turn 'em yellow," observed Mr. Mickleberry thoughtfully.

"Granted; but what becomes of your conjugal superiority? And then you didn't buy that corner lot because she advised you not. What is a woman's judgment worth in a matter of business like that, Mickleberry?"

"Mary knows more than half the men going," parenthetically asserted Mr. Mickleberry.

"Excuse me, Mickleberry, but you don't keep her in her place. Don't the Scriptures expressly say that woman is the weaker vessel? I should like to see Mrs. Partanbridge venture to differ from me!"

Mr. Mickleberry looked admiringly at his big friend.

"How do you manage it, Partanbridge?" he questioned, a little timidly.

"Tact, my dear fellow—tact, dignity, supremacy. I wouldn't have mentioned it, if circumstances hadn't pointed directly to the fact, but you are getting henpecked, Mickleberry. Everybody notices it. You must gather up the reins of domestic management—you must assert yourself."

Mr. Mickleberry laughed.

"But what is the use of asserting myself?" he asked jocosely. "Everything goes on like clockwork at home; Mary always meets me with a smile; she spends money sensibly, and never asks me for an unnecessary penny."

"Does she tell you how she spends it?"

"Not always, but—"

Mr. Partanbridge interrupted his friend with a groan.

"O, these women, these women! I should like to see my wife buying a silk dress, as Mary did last week, without first consulting me!"

"But she had saved the money out of her housekeeping funds."

"Then, my dear fellow, it's a sign that you give her too much money for housekeeping."

Cut her down—draw the purse-strings a little tighter."

Mr. Mickleberry looked uncomfortable. "I—I should hardly like to do that, Partanbridge."

"You'll never be master in your own house until you do."

Mr. Moses Mickleberry went home and told his wife all about what Partanbridge had said. Mary laughed and colored, but she was a little angry withal.

"I wish Mr. Partanbridge would mind his own business," said she, "I'm tired of hearing about 'my wife'! She must be a poor spiritless concern."

"Partanbridge is a man of great ability," said Moses gravely.

"Fiddlestick!" said Mrs. Mickleberry. "A regular hen-hussy—a thorough-going Miss Nancy!"

"I'm sorry you feel so about him, my dear," said Moses; "for he doesn't like the place where he is lodging now, and I told him he might occupy our spare room for a few days."

"O, I've no objections to that," said Mrs. Mickleberry composedly. "I'm always glad to entertain your friends, my dear, even if they are not the most agreeable people in the world, and I daresay I can get along with Mr. Partanbridge for a few days."

"You're a little jewel, my dear!" said Moses, and he forgot all Partanbridge's insinuations at once.

Mr. Partanbridge came, bag and baggage, and took possession of the "spare room" in the Mickleberry mansion as importantly as if he had been the Grand Turk. And thenceforward "my wife" began, figuratively speaking, to trample Mary Mickleberry into dust.

"My wife" spent no money; "my wife" went nowhere; "my wife" would sooner cut off her hands than go to a woman suffrage convention; "my wife" was not literary, but spent her days doing housework, and her evenings mending stockings. She held her husband in salutary awe, never spoke when she wasn't spoken to—in short, knew her place.

"And how did you manage it, Partanbridge?" asked Mr. Mickleberry once again, in the admiration of his soul.

Mr. Partanbridge waved his hand loftily.

"Mickleberry," said he, "there are some things that can't be expressed in words."

"Fortunately," put in Mrs. Mickleberry, who was sewing away as vigorously as if every stitch was an unuttered protest.

"And," went on Mr. Partanbridge, as if he had not heard the interruption, "it is woman's duty to listen, to submit, to keep silence."

"There goes the door-bell," observed Mrs. Mickleberry. "Will you go, Moses? It is Bridget's evening out."

"My wife," commenced Mr. Partanbridge, "would never have asked me to perform so menial an office as—"

He stopped short as a loud masculine voice was heard in the entry below stairs.

"Does Job Partanbridge lodge here? Yes? O, all right—tell 'em to bring the trunks; and you, cabman, a shilling's enough fare. You'll get no more out of me! Clear out, and let's hear no more of your grumbling! So he's here, is he? A pretty chase I've had after him!"

Mrs. Mickleberry looked up at the blanching countenance of Mr. Job Partanbridge in surprise and bewilderment.

"Who can that loud-voiced woman possibly be?" she asked. "Surely there is some mistake."

"N—no," quoth Mr. Partanbridge, with chattering teeth; "it is—my wife!"

"Mrs. Partanbridge? Can it be possible?" and hospitable little Mary Mickleberry dropped her work and hastened to greet and welcome her new guest, the paragon among women, the meek and lowly and well-trained wife of the doughty Job!

Mrs. Partanbridge came into the room with the tread of a giantess and the aspect of an Amazon. She was a tall large woman, red-faced and resolute, with the faint shade of a moustache on her upper lip, and a deep voice like that of a grenadier; and she wore her cloak as if it had been a man's overcoat, the two sleeves tied round her neck, while her sailor hat would have been a snug fit for her husband.

She sat down at Mrs. Mickleberry's invitation, with a force that made the chair crack and tremble in its every joint and thrust out her feet.

"Pull off those goloshes!" said she to Job, and the husband promptly went down on his knees to perform the behest. "Not so rough; you're as clumsy as ever, I see. And now tell me why you didn't send the money for me to join you before?"

"I—I couldn't spare it from my business, Drusilla, my dear," stammered Job, growing scarlet.

"Hang up my cloak to dry, and get me a footstool for my feet," commanded Mrs. Partanbridge. "Look sharp about it, too! Well, I've borrowed five pounds from Cousin Underhill, and I've come on on my own hook. I'm tired of being poked away in the country while you're playing the fine city gent, and I'll not stand it any longer. Besides, I wanted to attend a Woman's Suffrage Association, and I'm a member of the Saddlebury Branch of Female Voters. You've got a nice house here, ma'am," turning to Mrs. Mickleberry. "I might have had a house of my own, if Job Partanbridge had used common sense in his business affairs, and listened to my advice a little."

"Drusilla, my dear," interrupted Mr. Partanbridge, but his wife darted a leonine glance at him.

"Job Partanbridge, will you hold your tongue,

and speak when you're spoken to?" she demanded tartly.

"Certainly, my dear, certainly."

"Then let's have a specimen of it. As I was saying, Mrs. Mickleberry—Job, go down-stairs, and look in the big-handled basket on top of the trunk in the hall, and get me my handkerchief and the camphor-bottle with the little wicker-case round it—as I was saying, that sort of thing is just about played out, so far as I am concerned. Job hasn't no more wit than a yellow dog when he's left to himself—you know you haven't, Job, so you may just as well leave off opening and shutting your mouth like a newly-landed fish—and I mean to be master myself, Job."

"Yes, dear."

"Bring me the easy-chair—now move the screen so the fire won't shine in my eyes. And get in a cab early to-morrow morning, and see that I have money furnished, I want to do a little shopping!"

"Yes, my dear," said Job Partanbridge.

"And be ready to go with me at eleven to the Suffrage Society. I must render the Report of the Sedleyville Branch."

"Yes, dear," assented the husband.

At this stage Mrs. Mickleberry interrupted the orders of the commanding officer of the Partanbridge division by a tray containing tea, toast, and other feminine refreshments. Mrs. Partanbridge received them with a contemptuous sniff.

"My good lady," said she, "I daresay you mean well, but I don't feed off such slops, Job."

"Yes, Drusilla."

"Go round to the nearest place and get me a pint of ale, and a dish of stewed tripe! You'll excuse me, ma'am," to Mrs. Mickleberry, "but we all have our little ways, and this is mine."

Away went Job Partanbridge like an arrow from the bow, and presently returned with the required dainties, off which "my wife" supped sumptuously.

"Take my things up-stairs, Job," said Mrs. Partanbridge when she had satisfied the cravings of nature. I've had a long day of travel, and I guess I'll go to bed early."

If ever mortal man looked cowed, wretched, and dismal, Job Partanbridge did, the next morning, when he made his appearance at the breakfast-table. Mrs. Mickleberry could not resist one little mischievous hit.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Partanbridge," she said, "upon the excellent manner in which you have developed your theories as to conjugal discipline."

Mr. Partanbridge choked convulsively over his coffee.

"Hush!" he cried. "Hush—she is coming!"

"Who is coming?"

"My wife!"

But ah, how differently he pronounced the low magic words from the tone in which he had spoken them twenty-four hours ago!

Mr. and Mrs. Job Partanbridge left the Mickleberry roof that very day for a lodging handier to the "Woman's Suffrage Society," and that was the last Mary and her husband ever heard of "my wife" or her humble slave, the devoted Job.

AN EVENING IN CALCUTTA.

About six o'clock every evening the beau monde of Calcutta begins to take the air on the Course, a very pleasant drive which runs along the bank of the river. It is usually crowded with carriages, but it must be confessed that none of them would be likely to excite the envy of an owner of a fashionable turn-out at home, unless indeed it might be now and then for the sake of the occupants.

Long before the Course begins to thin it is almost dark, and then, if the poor lounge is "unattached," and is sharing his buggy with a friend as unfortunate as himself, the general effect of the scene before him is the most interesting object for his gaze. The carriages continue to whirl past, but one hardly sees more of them than their lamps. The river glides, cold and shining, a long silvery light under the opposite bank, while trees and masts and rigging relieve themselves against the golden bars of the distant sky. But the band ceases to play, and every one goes home to dress.

If the traveler chooses, he may find many an amusing drive in the native parts of the town. Tall Sikhs, whose hair and beards have never known scissors or razor, and who stride along with a swagger and high-caste dignity; effeminate Cingalese; Hindoo clerks, smirking, conceited and dandified too, according to their own notions; almost naked palkee-bearers, who nevertheless, if there is the slightest shower, put up an umbrella to protect their shaven crowns; up country girls with rings in their noses and rings on their toes; little Bengalese beauties; Parsees, Chinese, Greeks, Jews and Armenians, in every variety of costume, are to be seen bargaining on the quays, chaffering in the bazaars, loading and unloading the ships, trotting along under their water-skins, driving their bullock-carts, smoking their hookahs or squatting in the shade.

We have had the good fortune, thanks to our interest in native manners and customs, to make the acquaintance of a Hindoo merchant, a millionaire and a *bon vivant*, on whom his religion sits somewhat lightly. We might, if we had not been otherwise engaged, have dined with him this evening. He would have been delighted to receive us, and would have treated us with abundant hospitality and kindness. The dinner would have been of a composite character, partly European, partly native. A sort of rissole of chicken would certainly have been one of the dishes, and with equal certainty would have met with your approval; the curry, too, would

have satisfied you, even if you had just come from Madras or Singapore. There would have been knives and forks for us; our convives would not have made much use of the latter, and some of the dishes on which they would have exercised their fingers would hardly have tempted us. The champagne and c'aret are excellent, and our host, Hindoo as he is, is not sparing in his libations; and at the same time he and his countrymen would have been vociferous in pressing us to eat and drink, filling our glasses the moment they were empty, and heaping our plates with the choicest morsels.

After all, however, perhaps we have had no great loss in missing the dinner. We shall enjoy the pleasant drive, and by being a little late shall escape the not very delightful sound of various stringed instruments being tuned. Arrived, we leave our horse and buggy to the care of some most out-throat-looking individuals, who crowd round with much noise and gesticulation, wondering who and what we are, while the noise brings out a sort of majordomo, who recognizes us as friends of the master and soon clears a way for us across the courtyard, takes us up a flight of steps, and ushers us into a long and tolerably well-lighted room. Our host comes forward with outstretched hands, and with great cordiality welcomes and presents us to his friends. We can't understand all he says, for his English at the best is not always intelligible, and he is now particularly talkative and jolly: it is evident he has dined. There is a great noise; every one is talking and laughing; and the talking is loud, for it has to overcome the sounds made by sundry musicians seated at the other end of the room, who are striking their tom-toms and singing a most doleful chant. The baboo bustles about, and makes vacant for us two sofas, the places of honor. Little marble tables are before them, on which are placed wine, brandy and soda-water. The other guests resume their seats along the two sides of the room on our right and left. There are eight or ten men and two or three ladies; the ladies are very handsomely dressed. Lower down are several young girls in light drapery, laughing, talking, and smoking their hookahs. The fair sex look rather scared and shyly at the foreigners, but some of the men are evidently trying to reassure them. Order being at length restored, our cheroots lighted and our loed brandy-pawnee made ready, the performance recommences. The corps de ballet are not hired for the occasion, but form part of the establishment of our friend the baboo. One of the girls seated near the musician advances slowly, in time with the music, to within a few feet of one of our sofas, and she is followed by another, who places herself opposite the other sofa. Others in the same way prepare to dance before the other guests. They all stand for a moment in a languid and graceful attitude, the music strikes up a fresh air, and each naught-girl assumes the first position of her dance. She stands with outstretched arm and hand, quivering them, and allowing her body very slightly to partake of the same movement. Her feet mark the time of the music, not by being raised, but by merely pressing the floor with the toes. The action and movement thus seem to run like a wave through the body, greatest where it begins in the hand, and gradually diminishing as it dies away in the foot. With a change of time in the accompaniment the girl drops her arm, advances a step or two nearer the person before whom she is dancing, and leans back, supporting her whole weight on one foot, with the other put forward and pressing against the floor the border of her drapery.

In her hands she holds a little scarf, which serves to give motive to the action of the arms and head. The movement in this figure, which admits of great variety, no two performances being alike at all in it, is somewhat stronger than in the first. The undulation, too, instead of dying away gradually from its commencement, runs with equal force, like the line of an S, through the body. Without any pause in the music the dancer sometimes glides imperceptibly into, sometimes begins with startling suddenness, the next moment. The general position remains what it was before, but to describe how its principle of life and motion seems concentrated below the dancer's waist, and from thence flows in undulating streams, to flash from or to dull, according to her organization, the eyes, and to crisp the child-like feet with which she grasps the carpet, is for me impossible. A Gavarni might draw what would recall this wonderful pantomime to the brain of one who had seen it, but nothing but his own imagination could suggest it to him who had not. One of these girls is a perfect actress; numberless shades of expression pass over her delicate features, but the prevailing one is a beseeching, supplicating look. We administer to her, as the custom is, some rupees in token of our admiration, and with an arch smile the no longer supplicating damsel passes on.

SOMEBODY'S CHILD.

On the 25th of May, in the year 1828, a citizen of the ancient town of Nuremberg, standing at his own door drinking in the pure evening air through a long tobacco pipe, beheld advancing towards him a youth of singular aspect. The object of the citizen's regard was attired in pantaloons of grey cloth, a waistcoat of a spotted red material much the worse for wear, and a jacket which had plainly seen service as the upper portion of a frock coat. Round the youth's neck was a black silk neckcloth, his head was roofed by a coarse felt hat, and the toes of his

stockingless feet peeped forth from a pair of heavy boots, which, like each of the other articles of his motley attire, had never been designed for the use of the present wearer. More singular than his medly of clothing were his motions, which, though not those of a drunken man, resembled them, insomuch that though the youth's spirits were evidently willing to gain the other end of the street, his flesh truly was weak, and as to the legs altogether ungovernable. The citizen noticed with amazement that they gave way alternately as the weight of the youth's body rested upon them in turns in his painful endeavor to progress, and that they showed a disposition to disperse in any direction save that in which the owner desired to proceed. The youth's progress being under these circumstances necessarily slow, the citizen advanced, and giving him greeting, inquired if he might in any way aid him. The youth answered in ill-pronounced German, "I would be a rider as my father was," and held out a letter which he carried in his hand, and which was addressed "To his Honor the Captain of the 4th Esqatarm of the Shwoltzhaz Regiment, Nuremberg." The good citizen offered to guide him to the captain's quarters, and would have beguiled the way with conversation. But to all his observations the strange youth answered only, "I would be a rider as my father was;" and his interlocutor, presently arriving at the conclusion that the youth with the weak legs must be a foreigner, desisted from further attempts at conversation. Arrived at the captain's house, the youth presented the letter to the servant, and piteously pointing to his swollen feet moaned his moan, "I would be a rider as my father was." The servant failing, as the citizen had failed, to get any further speech from him, admitted him to the kitchen pending his master's return, and being touched by his sorrowful condition placed meat and beer before him. The youth eagerly seized a piece of the meat and thrust into his mouth; but scarcely had it touched his lips than he shook from head to foot, the muscles of his face became horribly convulsed, and he spat out the morsel with every token of disgust. Similar symptoms following upon his tasting the beer, the captain's servant, not feeling altogether at home in the company of so singular a youth, cautiously conducted him to the stable, where he lay down upon the straw and instantly fell asleep.

On the captain's return the letter was handed to him, with an account of the bearer's conduct, which lost nothing of its singularity in the reporting. The missive, on being opened, was found to be dated with some indefiniteness, "From a place near the Bavarian frontier which shall be nameless, 1828." The letter proceeded to set forth that the bearer was left in the house of the writer on the 7th of October, 1812, and that he had never been able to discover who the waif's mother was. The writer added that he himself was a poor day laborer, having ten children and very little wherewith to maintain them; that he had never permitted the lad to take a step out of the house, and that he was thus in total ignorance of its locality, and so "good Mr. Captain need not try to find it out." The letter concluded by commending the bearer to the captain's care, but adding that if he did not desire to keep the boy he might "kill him or hang him up in the chimney." This mysterious epistle was written in German characters, but enclosed was a note written in Latin, enjoining the captain to send the boy when he was seventeen years of age to Nuremberg to the 6th Regiment of Light Horse, "for there his father also was." Here was a delicate and a dangerous position for a captain of Light Horse, and a married man withal, to be placed in! But the captain of the 4th Esqatarm was a man of action, and straightway proceeded to the stable, determined to get at the bottom of what was most probably the weak invention of some female enemy. In this intention he was, however, hopelessly baffled. Whenever he paused for a reply to his volley of question his guest answered only, "I would be a rider as my father was," words of whose meaning he seemed to have no more intelligent conception than had Poe's raven of the "Evermore" it was wont to croak from its position on the pallid bust of Pallas just above the poet's chamber door. Unwilling to be saddled with the charge of so uncanny a guest, and not caring to adopt either of the mild methods of disposing of him suggested by the letter of introduction, the captain handed the stranger over to the police, two of whom led him away, informing him on the road that it was of no use his trying to "come the old soldier" over them, and that the sooner he told who he was and whence he came the better it would be for him. On his arrival at the police station the officials gravely proceeded to put to him the several questions enjoined by law, to each of which he wearily wailed "I would be a rider as my father was."

Like the citizen, the captain's servant, and the captain himself, the guardians of the peace of Nuremberg were utterly at a loss to make anything of the singular apparition which had dropped down or sprung up upon their streets, and they were not in any wise assisted by the magistrates who were summoned to the council. The youth showed just such signs of intelligence as might be expected from a baby recently relieved of the incumbrance of long clothes and not quite comfortable in its mind by reason of the change. He stared with lack-lustre eyes at the furniture of the room, visibly brightening up when he beheld the gold lace on the uniforms of the officers present, and showing a strong desire to handle it. After spending several hours in attempts to elicit something from him, the burgomaster in a happy moment

placed pen, ink, and paper before him, and bade him write a detailed account of himself. With a childish laugh, as if he recognised an old plaything, the stranger seized the pen, and in a legible hand wrote the words "Kasper Hauser," and with a repetition of this name he gleefully covered the sheet. But it speedily became apparent that as his power of speech was limited to the phrase touching his father the rider, so was his ability to write exhausted in the production of the name "Kasper Hauser." This was, however, a point gained, and Kasper was remanded on suspicion of being a rogue and a vagabond, and accommodated with a cell accordingly. Being offered by his gaoler the prison ration of bread and water he devoured it greedily, and then, lying back on his straw, fell into a peaceful sleep.

On the following morning he was again brought up for examination, but with no fresh result; and as the days went by the conviction of his genuineness forced itself on the minds of those who had him in charge, and instead of being regarded as an object of suspicion, who ought at least to be made to "move on," this strange being, whose cheeks were covered with the down of approaching manhood while his mental powers were, without natural defect, as undeveloped as those of a two-year-old baby, became an object of the deepest interest and the most affectionate regard. Little by little the broad outline of the story of his life leaked out, and the whole German nation read with growing excitement that somewhere in their midst, and for reasons which could only be conjectured, this lad, now in his sixteenth year, had since his birth been immured in a room less than six feet square; that till a few days before he entered Nuremberg he had never beheld the light of Heaven, the face of Nature, or the likeness of man; that he had never stood upon his feet, never heard the human voice, never eaten anything but bread, and never drunk anything but water. Here was a feast for a philosophical and imaginative nation—a people who could evolve camels from their inner consciousness, and who were ever on the look out for some fresh glimpse of that Wonderland with whose dark glades and sunlit hills they had been familiar ever since the hour of strangely mingled pain and pleasure when they had smoked their first pipe. The citizens of Nuremberg flocked in crowds to visit Kasper, and as his story spread travellers from a distance, among whom were distinguished scholars, nobles, and even princes of the blood, made journeys to his little court until his *ludées* became so crowded that they grew out of all proportion to the accommodation that Nuremberg could provide, and the order went forth for their discontinuance. The burgomaster issued a formal notice in which the world was given to understand that Kasper Hauser had been adopted by the city of Nuremberg, and in its name committed to the charge of an instructor, and thenceforward poor Kasper, with his ludicrously disobedient limbs, his wondering, wandering eyes, his baby prattle, and his adolescent form ceased to be on public view.

Of the learned men in whose minds this new and startling phenomenon created a deep interest was Anselm von Feuerbach, a distinguished judge in Bavaria, who devoted much time to the study of Kasper's bodily and mental condition, and embodied the result of his observations in a book, one of many which were published having "the child of Nuremberg" as a theme. Here we find a full description of Kasper and minute details of his daily life, which, as forming an altogether new chapter in the study of man, possess an interest apart from the mere vulgar one attached to the mystery of the lad's origin. Kasper was, when the learned judge first visited him, sixteen or seventeen years of age and four feet nine inches in height. He was strongly and symmetrically made, but so ignorant was he of the use of his limbs that his hands were rather in his way than otherwise, and he had acquired a nervous habit of stretching out three fingers on either hand by way of feelers, his forefinger and thumb being meanwhile joined at the tips in the form of a circle. His method of walking was precisely that of an infant, and he tottered across the room from chair to chair with both arms held out to balance himself. Woe to him if a bit of stick or a book lay in his path. It was sure to bring him flat on his face, where he would lie content to sprawl till some one lifted him up and gave him another start. To all description of food and drink save bread and water he showed the same signs of decided aversion which had terrified the captain's servant. The presence of any article of food except the two mentioned he could instantly detect by the smell, and a drop of wine, coffee, beer, or milk mixed with his water, or a morsel of meat, butter, or cheese placed in his mouth, caused him to become violently ill. His perfect innocence cast out fear from his mind, and he would stand looking on with childish delight while a naked sabre was flashed within a foot of his nose, and once when a pistol was fired at him he objected to the experiment only on the score of the noise it created. His sense of smelling was peculiarly keen, but for some time his senses of sight and hearing appeared to be in a state of torpor—not that he was either blind or deaf, for his eyes were so strong that he could see as well in the dark as in the light, and his hearing lacked nothing in the power of distinguishing sounds to which his attention was specially directed. But it was a natural consequence of the undeveloped condition of his being that he should behold things without seeing them and hear without noting, and hence he stared vacantly at the objects of daily life and heard its sounds without receiving any impression therefrom. One exception must be made

in favor of glittering objects, which from the first he eagerly seized and played with, and the ringing of bells, which threw him into a state of ecstasy. His ideas of things animate and inanimate, natural and artistic, were extremely broad. He could distinguish a man or a woman from the lower order of animals, but the sole difference which his mind could discover between the sexes was that one dressed in more flowing and brighter colored robes, and was therefore the more lovable. Animals he also arbitrarily divided into two classes, white and black. A white pigeon or a white horse were the same to him—things pleasant to behold and desirable; but anything that was black he abhorred, and a black hen which he once chanced upon nearly killed him with fright. Of a Creator, or death, or a life to come, it is needless to say he had no conception or any capability of understanding. Shortly after his domestication in Nuremberg divers devout and well-meaning clergymen sat down before him, and at sundry times strove to accomplish the salvation of his soul. But though he would listen for a time with the most encouraging attention, he would presently make a dart at the good man's eyeglass, or curiously fondle his whiskers, or stoop down to feel the polish on his boots, or by other and similar exhibitions of babyish satisfactorily demonstrate that he had not the slightest idea of what the sermon was about. Indeed, all through his life Kasper entertained a strong aversion to parsons, their presence operating upon him in somewhat the same way that meat did. His impression of the ceremony of public worship he once summed up, in the following pithy manner:—"First, the people bellow, and when they have done the parson begins to bellow."

The struggle of this peculiarly situated human mind to grapple with the ideas that had suddenly burst upon it were deeply interesting to the psychological world, and Kasper's education was directed with as anxious a care as if the poor foundling had been the Prince Imperial or the prospective Czar of all the Russias. Possessing a memory which, counting its age by years, was in its prime, and upon which no ideas had yet been written, and with a disposition singularly docile and earnest, Kasper made wonderful progress in his studies. In a manner which shall presently be noted he had made a start in the art of writing, and in this he soon perfected himself, while he daily added to his vocabulary of speech. His notions of things were, however, essentially childish, and when he passed beyond the stage of impassive indifference to all around him he constantly indulged in fancies the most grotesque. He endowed images and trees with life, and if a sheet of paper were blown off the table he regarded the act as of its own volition, and would "wonder why it went." It was a matter of deep surprise to him that the horses and unicorns which he saw carved in stone upon the buildings of the city did not run away, and he was for ever guessing what the trees were saying when the wind rustled through them and moved their big arms and fingers. Himself scrupulously clean, he beheld with indignation a dirt-encrusted statue which stood in his tutor's garden, often asking "why the man did not wash himself." He also propounded a similar inquiry for the consideration of an old gray cat, which he viewed as wilfully neglecting the ordinary means at its command of becoming white.

At this time his eyes, recovering from the state of inflammation into which they had been thrown by the sudden translation from darkness to light, were keen beyond comparison, and, as I have mentioned, were equally serviceable by night or day. His sense of hearing, too, was peculiarly acute, and he could distinguish at a great distance the sound of a man walking barefoot. His touch was equally sensitive, and he was affected in a powerful manner by metallic and magnetic influences. Of all the senses smelling was with him so highly developed as to be a source of daily torture. Things which to ordinary mortals are entirely destitute of odour, he could scent from afar, and flowers or other substances which possess a distinguishable perfume affected him so powerfully that it was necessary to exercise constant care to keep him without their range.

To this state of morbid sensibility there succeeded one in which his exceptional powers of memory, and, in a less degree, those of sight, hearing, smelling, taste, and touch, faded, and his ability to learn the lessons prepared for him steadily decreased. This was doubtless a natural result of the forcing system which was adopted by his tutors; but it was also coexistent with the change which had been gradually effected in his diet. Education in this direction had been a work of great difficulty, but by degrees Kasper became accustomed to eat meat and drink milk, and he thrived so well under his new diet that he was soon able to walk the streets of Nuremberg without exciting doubts of his sobriety. Of horses and of riding he was passionately fond. He was from his first mount as safe in the saddle as a child in its cradle, and thenceforward daily rode out on horseback, undertaking without fatigue journeys which would have worn out a foxhunter.

In 1829, the year after Kasper's birth into the world—and it is necessary to bear in mind that it is of his first year I have hitherto discoursed—the public demanded that something more than had yet been accomplished should be done towards clearing up the mystery of his life. Accordingly a court of inquiry was appointed by the Government, and several days were consumed in hearing depositions of facts connected with the foundling. Of the scanty evidence adduced the most interesting is a brief memoir

written by himself in February, 1829, less than twelve months after his appearance in Nuremberg, a production which displays the wonderful educational progress made by him in so short a time. His reminiscences are wholly confined to his existence in what he calls "a hole," which, from his comparisons with other localities, appears to have been a chamber about six or seven feet long and five feet high. His dress, he tells us, consisted of a shirt and trousers, with a rug to cover his legs, and he sat upon straw with his back against the wall, never lying full length even when he slept. When he awoke from sleep he sometimes found that he had a clean shirt on, and there was always a pitcher of water and a piece of bread on the floor beside him. How they came there he never questioned, accepting them as a matter of course, and only occasionally wishing that the supply of water were more liberal. When he was very thirsty, and had drunk all the water in the pitcher, he was wont to take up the vessel and hold it to his mouth, expecting that water would presently flow; "But it never did," and then he would put down the pitcher and go to sleep again, and when he awoke there was water. He had for playthings two wooden horses, a dog, and some pieces of red and blue ribbon, and his sole occupation throughout the years he had spent in "the hole" was to deck the dog and the horses with the ribbon. He had no notion that there was anything anywhere beyond the walls that enclosed him, and for a long time did not know that there was any being in creation save himself. But once a man appeared, and placing a low stool before Kasper laid a piece of paper thereon, and taking the prisoner's hand within his own guided it in forming with a pencil the words "Kasper Hauser." This he repeated at intervals, till Kasper could write them himself, a practice in which he took great pleasure, for it varied the monotony of his ordinary recreation.

One day the man came to him, lifted him up, and placing him upon his feet endeavored to teach him to stand upright and use his legs. Kasper had never yet stood on his feet, and the experiment gave him great pain. But the man persevered, and by degrees the position grew less distressing. After the lesson had been repeated many times the man one day took him up on his back and carried him out into a bright light, in which Kasper fainted, and "all became night." They went a long way, he being sometimes dragged along, falling over his helpless feet, sometimes carried on the man's back. But the man spoke no word except to say, "I would be a rider as my father was," a shibboleth which thus became imprinted on Kasper's memory. When they got near Nuremberg the man dressed him in the clothes described at the commencement of this article, and upon entering the gates of the city placed a letter in his hand and vanished.

Nothing could be made of this extraordinary story, and the court of inquiry, solemnly convened, was as solemnly dissolved, having effected no other result than that of widening and deepening public interest in the history of the foundling. This interest received a fresh stimulus from an occurrence which took place on the 17th October, 1829. On that day Kasper was found insensible and covered with blood, lying in the corner of a cellar in the house of the learned professor with whom he lived. When restored to consciousness, he related how that a man with a black silk handkerchief tied round his face had suddenly appeared before him as he sat alone in his room; how the man had struck him a heavy blow on the forehead, felling him to the ground; and how upon partially coming to himself he staggered down stairs and into the cellar, where he had fainted. After this event Kasper was more carefully tended than ever, and the process of intellectual cramming proceeded with such vigour that in a couple of years all his peculiar brightness had faded. Writing of him in the year 1832, Herr von Feuerbach says, "The extraordinary, almost preternatural, elevation of his senses has been diminished, and has almost sunk to the common level. He is indeed still able to see in the dark, so that for him there exists no real night. But he is no longer able to read in the dark, nor to recognise the most minute objects at a great distance. Of the gigantic powers of his memory, and of other astonishing qualities, not a trace remains. He no longer retains anything that is remarkable, except his extraordinary fate, his indescribable goodness, and the exceeding amiableness of his disposition." It is astonishing how Kasper wound himself about the hearts of those with whom he came in contact. There are people still living in Nuremberg who remember him and regard him over a space of nearly forty years with a marvellous tenderness and an infinite pity. One such gave me as a precious gift a copy of his portrait. It shows a lad of some eighteen years, full-faced, with short curly hair lying over a broad high forehead, large eyes, well-shaped nose, a sweet mouth, a dimpled chin, and a general expression of the presence of a great and constant sorrow uncomplainingly borne.

In the year 1832 the Earl of Stanhope prevailed upon the magistracy of Nuremberg to deliver up to his care the adopted child of their city, and his lordship temporarily placed him at Anspach, purposing shortly to remove him to England. At Anspach the life for which poor Kasper had so little cause for thankfulness was closed by the assassin's dagger. On the 17th December, 1833, he went by appointment to the castle park, to meet a person who had darkly promised to give him a clue to his parentage, and who upon his arrival at the trysting place treacherously stabbed him to the heart. The

deed was done in broad daylight, but the murderer escaped, and with him vanished all hope of elucidating the mystery of Kasper Hauser's birth and life. There were fresh inquiries and new conjectures, but from that day to this nothing capable of proof has been discovered. "God," wrote the pious Binder, chief burgomaster of Nuremberg, in a manifesto issued upon the death of Kasper, "God in his justice will compensate him with an eternal spring of the joys of infancy denied him here, for the vigor of youth of which he was deprived, and for the life destroyed five years after he was born into the world. Peace to his ashes." This was Kasper Hauser's epitaph.

HENRY W. LUCY.

THE END OF IT ALL.

So this is the end of it all—of the love I fondly deem'd
Would prove a sweet fruition of the priceless thing it seem'd?

Only a walk in the starlight—a stroll by the moonlit river—
An angry word—a low "Good-night," that meant "Good-bye forever."

"Good-night!" Your pale lips echo'd the cold words of my own;
A chilling clasp of your fingers, and I stood there alone;

Alone by the trysting willow—alone with my broken dream—
Alone with the ghost of a dead love, in the moonlight's pallid gleam.

Only a word; but 'twas spoken in a moment of jealous pain—
A word that ended love's romance, and left on its mem'ry a stain.

Only a walk in the silence—a stroll by the sleeping river—
An angry word—a low "Good-night;" but it meant "Good-bye forever."

UNA.

For the first time in my life—nearly seventeen years and a quarter—I was alone in the wide, wide world; to be precise, in that bit of it which lies between the Paddington station and Bath. I had all but missed the train, so that my uncle had only time to hurry me into a first-class carriage, wherein a solitary lady was already seated, and to give me a solemn injunction to get Aunt Margery to telegraph when I "turned up all right," before the train dashed away.

"All right!" Of course I should be all right! I should think, at seventeen and nearly a quarter, I might be trusted to take care of myself during a three hours' journey; the more so as my uncle had "put me in at one end," and my aunt would "take me out at the other."

As soon as I had arranged myself and my belongings comfortably in my corner I took a survey of my fellow-passenger—a grim, iron-grey old woman in an exasperating bonnet, who was looking, not daggers—that is much too pointed and brilliant a simile—but rusty nails of the jaggedest description, at my poor little hat; such an attractive one as it was, too, with the most piquant little wax-wing imaginable brooding over it with outstretched wings. For my part, I think, when one has a pretty face, it is wicked to spoil it by a dowdy hat. I should have attracted much more attention if I had worn an exasperating extinguisher like my fellow-traveller's, with an aggravating bow at the top; and besides, Tom would not have liked it.

I was rapidly losing my temper—it was too provoking. Here was somebody evidently just as ready to find fault and take care of me as anybody at home. My only comfort was a hope that she might get out at the next station, or at all events at some distance from Bath. Ah, how little I knew what was coming, or I should have felt glad to have had her glaring twice as grimly from the opposite seat!

"Travelling alone?"
"Yes."
What an unnecessary question, I thought.
"You are much too young and too pretty to be permitted to do so."

I meekly answered that my youth and prettiness were "faults" over which I had no control, and hinted at the possibility that time might be expected to cure both, if only I lived long enough.

She smiled—yes, really; not a bad smile, either.

"While waiting for that, you should have somebody to take care of you."

"Take care of me!" I exclaimed, with a little shudder of disgust. "I am quite able to take care of myself—indeed, I am tired of being taken care of. I am almost worn out. Besides, I have been at two garden parties, and have long left the school-room" (with dignity).

"My dear, the school-room would be the best place for you for the next half-dozen years. I must leave you at the next station, but I will tell the guard to look after you. You will learn in time how good a thing it is to be cared for. Una without her lion would never get safety through this world."

The train stopped; I helped her to gather all her bags and rugs.

"Good-by, my dear; your little face has made

the day look brighter to an old woman; so you have my leave to keep it unchanged as long as you can," and she actually patted my cheek with a kind old hand as she passed out.

I watched her take her place in a little basket carriage that was waiting for her—watched the old bald-headed man servant stand, hat in hand, evidently giving her all the story of life at home in her absence—and felt sorry, as I returned her good-by nod, when the carriage moved out of sight down a shady country road, I followed her in fancy to a flowery country home, where I felt sure that she lived cosily with old servants, quaint furniture, and old pet dogs, cats, and birds. How little I then thought that one day I should—

But I forget; we must not anticipate, as real authors say—that must come in its own place; I had not even seen Tom, then.

The train had stopped at a quiet little station and was just beginning to move on past the roses and hollyhocks, when the door suddenly swung open, and a man jumped in. One glance satisfied me that he would not improve on acquaintance. Tom has told me since that he was a "cad;" and, if a "cad" is an odious, vulgar, red-haired person, with unwashed hands covered with coarse rings, a sky-blue satin tie, and an overpowering odor of bad tobacco—I know the difference quite well, for Tom never smokes any but the very best Manillas, and I quite enjoy the smell—then most decidedly he was rightly designated.

I saw all this at a single glance, as one does sometimes, and bent steadily over my book, wishing that the hour which would bring me to dear aunt Margery was over. Presently I was reading something so amusing that I had forgotten everything beside. The train had left the little station far behind, and was going at full speed, when suddenly a horrid voice close to my ear made me start, and I looked up to see the "cad's" hideous face close to mine—such a wicked leering face!

"Take off that veil, miss; I'm sure a whiff of fresh air will do you good. This carriage is awful muggy"—that was the creature's very expression—"muggy!" "Besides, it's desperate bad for your eyes to read through that speckled stuff."

Without replying, I bent my head lower over my book, but the letters were getting confused, and my heart was beating with fright.

"Poor little thing! Dear, is she?" and he took the seat opposite and leaned across, so that I had to shrink into my corner to avoid his touch. Poor little Una needed her lion now.

"Bad for the eyes, miss, and such shiners as yours are too good to be wasted on that stupid book. Give a fellow a peep at them."

And a great red hand advanced towards my veil.

I could only cower into my corner with a great cry of terror—one helpless call on "Uncle," knowing the while how far away he was, and how unconscious of his poor little Polly's trouble.

In putting up his hand to my veil, the man touched me, and the touch, slight as it was, roused a fury of anger such as I had never felt before, and I hope never to feel again; it gave me back my voice.

"You shall not! How dare you! You must not touch me—uncle will kill you!"

The man laughed at my puny rage.

"Kill me for taking care of you! If he does not wish others to fill his place, he should look after you better, and not let you out alone. You had better be civil or—"

He drew out a large clasp-knife as he spoke and began deliberately to open it, looking at me all the while. It was come at last; I should never, never see home again! One flash of thought, which seemed in a second to take in all my past, with its little discontents, naughtiness, and great happiness—my aunt's anguish when she found me lying dead; uncle's opening of the telegram which would bring the news—the darkened home, the broken hearts which would surely carry till they died the remembrance of the dreadful fate of their wilful, but oh! their loving darling—all this occurred so vividly to me that, with a great cry for help to Heaven, I fell at the man's feet, and entreated him not to kill me.

"Kill you! I thought it was your uncle who was to kill me! Bless your little heart, I am going to take care of you. You look pale. Now didn't you come off in too great a hurry to have time for breakfast. Have a bit of luncheon"—stooping to take a black bag from under the seat. "I always go about provided with something good. I'm a soft-hearted boy, I am, and never see a fine young woman suffer, if I can help it. Peck a bit now—do; you have a hungry look."

What should I—must I—do? I sat up, and said as steadily as I could, choking back the tears—for I would not cry before him.

"I am not hungry; I will not eat. Do not speak to me any more. You must not—I am a lady."

"A lady! I know that. Do you think I'd be so good to you if you were not? I know a lady when I see her—and a hungry lady, too—I knew you was. Come, peck a bit. Don't be bashful."

By this time he had unlocked the bag, and taken from it—yes, it may appear improbable, but oh! it's dreadfully true—a turnip—a great unboiled turnip—a turnip still covered with the soil of the field from which the wretch had taken it! He began to scrape and pare it while I looked on.

Was he mad? I would try to please him, and do as he wished, and then perhaps he would not hurt me. I should soon be with my aunt now,

and at that thought I felt the tears coming again, but opened my eyes widely, and bit my lips hard—the tears must not fall. I crushed them back, and sat watching my companion till, having peeled the turnip to his satisfaction, he cut off a thick slice and handed it to me. Raw turnip! And touched by those fingers!

"Come, take it, my beauty—a peach ripe and downy as your own cheek. Peaches is dear, too, this season, but I give no heed to that. If so be as I find a pretty girl to eat 'em, I don't grudge the money. Come, peck away; or do you want me to feed you? No, you shan't have it without 'Thank you.' After all my trouble, that ain't manners," with a significant look at the knife.

"Thank you!" I said eagerly. I took the slice of turnip—and began to eat it—yes, I ate it all, every mouthful making me feel more ill. Another slice was offered, I took it and began to eat, but my throat seemed to be closing—I could not swallow.

"Come, finish it. Good, isn't it? The ladies are always fond of a bit of fruit. Don't be bashful—I've something here for you to wash it down. Nothing like a drop of brandy to make it agree with you," and he touched the neck of a black bottle which stuck out of his pocket.

What would become of me? I had once seen a dreadful woman for a few moments at home—a new cook she was—who was, oh! so frightful. Nurse told me she had taken brandy and was drunk, I had thought her mad. If he had made me drink it, and if, when Aunt Margery found me, I—but no, this I would not do; he might kill me first. I went on eating the turnip, and all the while I prayed earnestly for rescue. Was my prayer answered? The train began to slacken its speed—it stopped; but there was no station in sight. I think it was a siding or something of that kind.

At the side of the carriage where I was sitting there was a steep bank which shut out all hope; at the other side were several lines of rail; beyond was the open country. In an instant my torturer was at my window. With an oath he commanded me "to be still, and stay where I was." I heard some one pass, and, in reply to a question, I suppose, say that we had been shunted to allow a special train to go by—it would pass in three minutes. I called, but very faintly, I am afraid, for no one answered, and the "cad" turned on me so fiercely that I dared not try again.

The special train swept by, but I hardly saw it—my eyes, my whole soul, were fastened on the figure of a man who just then came down the green bank which was at some distance. I pressed my face to the glass. Which way would he take? He stood up for a moment, and then slowly, lazily sauntered towards me. The glass was up—my only hope was that he would pass close and see me, for I was past calling or moving now. I noted every trifling detail of his figure and dress; he was a tall, broad-shouldered gentleman dressed in light grey; young, and with a long golden beard; even the carnation in his button-hole I observed, and the strength and careless ease of his figure as he lounged along. He stopped to whistle to his dogs, and then again strolled on, idly twirling his cane.

I do not know what kind of face was pressed to the glass on my side—it was a wild and scared one, I am sure; but in another minute a pair of great merry blue eyes carelessly glanced up in passing, and were startled into earnestness by the eyes they encountered; the whistle sounded, but, even as it did, a strong hand was on the door-handle, the door was wrenched open, the train moved on—he was beside me. I was safe!

I don't know what happened then. My deliverer says that I cried, and held one of his hands tight in both of mine; but that I don't believe. In the first place, we had never been introduced, and, in the second, two of his fingers are about as much as my two hands can contain at once. I know, when I grew calmer, that I found him taking care of me, and that I didn't dislike it as much as one might have expected. I don't remember how I told him all; I suppose the turnip and knife, which still lay on the seat, helped me a little; but I do know that he told me "not to be frightened, for he would not throw the scoundrel from the window, as he deserved"—and that he looked so fierce and so strong that I could quite imagine it was a habit of his to throw scoundrels from windows, and that he rather liked it. What he did was to take the creature by the collar and force him down on his knees, in spite of his piteous protestations that "he never meant to hurt the lady—it was only a lark; he would not have done it for a ten-pun note, not if he had known."

"Hold your tongue. Swallow this, and think yourself lucky to escape six months on the treadmill. For the lady's sake, I will not prosecute you, and I'll not break every bone in your body, as I should like to do, as it might annoy her to see it done. But you'll eat this, to the last morsel—mud and all! I should say it is not the only dirt you will have to swallow in your life! Down with it!"

And when the last atom had disappeared, my deliverer, with a parting shake, flung the creature into a corner, where he lay till the train stopped, and turned to "take care" of me again. I almost shrank from the stern face to which I now raised my eyes, but it softened in a moment, and I lay back in a corner and rested silently and thankfully, while he interposed his broad shoulders between me and the other end of the carriage, till the train again stopped, and I saw aunt Margery's dear old face on the platform.

I am sure she wondered at the eagerness of my clasp, and at my face, which I felt was still white and scared. I made a little motion to-

wards my deliverer, but could not speak a word. He said a few words and gave his card to my aunt, who accepted it and the situation as graciously as she does everything, and looked rather anxious to get me safely to the carriage and home, and in five minutes we were driving away.

"What did he do for you, darling?" "Oh! he was so strong and so good to me—and he made him eat the whole turnip, auntie!" "The whole turnip! You are ill, Polly. Come, we won't talk or think of it now."

And she quieted and petted me, evidently thinking that I had lost my wits, until I was lying on the sofa in her drawing-room, able to tell her all.

Well, that was my first and only attempt at "taking care of myself." I never want to do so again. Tom takes care of me now—of course, you understand that it was he who came to my deliverance. Aunt wrote to him that very evening, and my father came down from London next morning on purpose to thank him; then Tom called, and so—and so—the end of my story, or, perhaps, I should say the real beginning of it, is that I am his wife now.

At first I did think it a pity that my husband should be only "Tom," when I had always intended to marry at least three syllables, as I am merely "Polly;" but now I think Tom the most charming name in the world, and would not change it.

I have only one thing more to tell. The old lady with the disagreeable bonnet is Tom's aunt. I am writing this in her house, which is just what I fancied it, and she is the dearest and kindest old woman in England.

"Una has found her Lion," she says.

I don't think I am much like Una; but Tom is a darling old Lion, with his tawny beard and splendid strength, on which his wife loves to lean. I hear him calling "Polly!" from the lawn, where he lies, lazily puffing his cigar under the cedar; and, as he can growl on occasion, if I keep his majesty waiting too long, I had better go.

"Coming, Lion."

GUNNAR: A NORSE ROMANCE.

BY H. H. BOYESEN.

PART IV.

CHAPTER X.

PARISH GOSSIP.

After the skee-race, all the valley was talking about Gunnar Henjum and Ragnhild Rimul. Some people, who believed themselves well informed, knew for certain that there must be something between them, for it was evident enough whom they both alluded to in their stave; and even if that meant nothing, no one could help noticing that they sought each other's company more than was proper for persons so wide apart in birth and external circumstances. Others, again, thought the idea too preposterous, and supposed that, at least on Ragnhild's part, the fondness amounted to nothing more than a common friendship, which, however, might be bad enough; for all agreed that it was an unpardonable boldness in a low-born houseman's son to cast his eyes upon a maiden who was worth at least her own weight in gold. At last the parish talk reached Atle Henjum's ear, and through him the widow of Rimul.

It was a Sunday forenoon. On the hearth, in the large, well-lighted sitting-room at Rimul burned a lively wood fire. The floor was strewn with new juniper, spreading a fresh smell of cleanliness throughout the room. The snow was too deep for women on the church road that morning; therefore Ingeborg Rimul had the old silver-clasped family Bible, where births, marriages, and deaths had been faithfully recorded for many generations, lying open on the table before her. Her eyes fell upon the gospel for the day; reading that, she thought she might at least have some idea of what the text of the sermon would be. She was following down the pages with her finger while reading. And still it was hardly the gospel which was foremost in her mind to-day; for whenever unobserved, her eyes wandered from the book to her daughter, who was sitting at the window, fair and Sunday clad, with her head resting upon her hand, while with an absent look she gazed at the starry figures of the ice on the frozen window. There was no one who did not think Ragnhild beautiful. She was one of those who unconsciously draw all hearts to them. People said she most resembled her father's family. It was from him she had that gentleness of bearing and those blessed blue eyes, whose purity and depth bore in them a suggestion of the infinite; but the clear forehead, the strong chin, and that truly Northern luxuriance of blond hair were inheritances from the mother. A sad, almost painful expression passed over Ingeborg's face, as she sat silently watching her—an expression which had long been strange to her features; but it was only momentary, and was soon exchanged for their wonted mien of undisturbed calmness and decision.

Heavy steps were heard in the outer hall, and the noise of some one stamping the snow from his feet. Both the women raised their eyes as the door opened and Atle Henjum stepped in. He went up to Ingeborg and shook hands; then he came to Ragnhild.

"Thanks for last meeting," said he.

"Thanks yourself," said they.

He took a seat on a bench next to his sister.

"Bad weather for lumbering," remarked he. "I

have two hundred dozen logs ready for floating, but shall probably have to wait until spring before getting them down, if it keeps on snowing at this rate."

"We are hardly better off than you, brother," answered the widow. "I am afraid we shall have to burn our fences for wood, if next week does not bring a change in the weather."

"Little need is there of such a waste, Ingeborg, as long as there is only the river between Henjum and Rimul."

"Many thanks for your offer, but it never was my way to borrow. I don't like to feel that I need anybody, not even my own brother."

For some time they all sat in silence, with their eyes fixed on the floor, as if lost in the contemplation of the knots in the planks of the floor or the accidental shapes of the juniper-needles. Then at last Atle spoke. "Well," began he slowly and with emphasis, "that day is probably not far off when there shall be no river to separate Henjum from Rimul." He looked toward Ragnhild as he said this; and although her face was turned away from him, she felt that his eyes rested on her. She quickly rose and left the room. "This was what I came to speak to you about, Ingeborg," continued Atle; "you know it has long been a settled thing between us that Henjum and Rimul should some day be one estate, and the way to bring this about you also know. Now Lars is a stout, well-grown lad, and Ragnhild is no longer a child either. So, if you are willing, I do not see any reason why we should not make the wedding, and the sooner the better. No one knows how many his days will be, and it surely would be a comfort to both of us to see them together before we take our leave."

"Atle," said the widow of Rimul, "you have my word, and I thought you knew your sister well enough to feel assured that her word is as good as gold. I can see no reason for hurrying the wedding. We are both folk in our best age, and strong as rocks, so there is but little probability of our dying for many years to come; and even if one of us should be called away, there would still be one left to execute the other's will."

Atle found this reasonable, but still he had other motives for wishing a speedy marriage; and since his sister compelled him to speak what he would rather not have told her, he would no longer keep from her the rumors which were circulating in the valley, and had found their way to his ear. He was of course aware that they had no foundation whatever, for fact and self-respect had always been innate virtues in their family; but still the girl was young, and a mother's advice might teach her to avoid even the appearances which could give occasion for such foolish gossip. He also told her that Lars, since his sudden disappearance at the skee-race, had hardly seemed the same person. Late the next morning, when he returned, he had refused to give any account of himself, and ever since he had a strange, bewildered look about him. If Atle had believed in trolls and elf-maids, he should surely have supposed that Lars must have seen something of the kind on his night walk in the forest. Ingeborg exhorted her brother to be at ease; she should have no difficulty in bringing the affair to the desired result, if he only would give her time; for the first year there could at least be no question of marriage. The stern, calm assurance in Ingeborg's words and manner removed Atle's fears; he had no doubt her plan was the better—a concession which he never made to any one but her. With regard to Gunnar, they both agreed that he must have forgotten who he was, and that it was their duty to give him a reminder, before his conceit should run away with him.

It was nearly four weeks after the skee-race, and in all this time Gunnar and Ragnhild had hardly seen each other. The only place where they met was at church, and there they had to keep as far away from each other as possible; for they both knew that the valley was full of rumors which, if they came to Ingeborg Rimul, would cause them infinite trouble, and possibly crush their hopes forever. Thus weeks went, and months, and neither of them was happy. Wherever Gunnar went, people would stick their heads together and whisper; the young girls giggled when they saw him, and among the men there would fall many a cutting word. He soon understood, too, that it was not by mere accident that he overheard them. This, however, instead of weakening his courage, gave it new growth; but it was not the healthy growth fostered by a manly trust in his own strength. He was well aware that people did not speak to him as they spoke about him. Since he had grown up he had never been much liked, as he had always been what they called odd, which meant that he was not quite like all others; and in small communities there can be no crime greater than oddity. Ragnhild Rimul was the best match within four parishes round, and when any one so far below her in birth cast his eyes upon her, he must naturally rouse the jealousy at least of those who might have similar intentions. But these were not the only ones who felt hostile to Gunnar. Few were readier to denounce him than those of his own class, who had no lofty aspirations to lead them away from the beaten track of their fathers.

Then it happened that one afternoon he sat dreaming over a plot for a new composition. It was to be the scene from King Olaf Trygvesson's Saga, where the king wakes on his bridal night and sees the shining dagger in the hand of Gudrun, his bride.

"What is that," King Olaf said,

"Gleams so bright above thy head?"

Wherefore standest thou so white
In pale moonlight?"

"T is the bodkin that I wear,
When at night I bind my hair;
It woke me falling on the floor:
'T is nothing more."

Olaf, the bold, youthful king, who had roamed eastward and westward on his Viking voyages, and had come home to preach the gospel with his sword, had always been a favorite with Gunnar, and this was not the first incident of the hero's life which had tempted his artistic fancy. But, strange to say, to-day the noble sea-king seemed but a commonplace, uncouth barbarian, and Gudrun, Ironbeard's fair daughter, a stiff, theatrical figure, in which there was neither grace, nor life, nor heroism. However much he turned and twisted her she still retained a provoking mien of awkward consciousness, as if she were standing up for the special purpose of having her picture taken. In vain he tried to bring unity and harmony into the composition. An hour passed, and struggling through the chaotic shadows dawned slowly but surely a clearer and better day. It had been long coming, but now it stood cloudless and clear in its own light; and Gunnar passed from thought into resolution, from resolution into action. Strange that he had not seen it long ago! He sprang up, seized his cap and rushed out. The day was dim and foggy. He reached the river, unmoored a boat, and slowly worked his way between the large cakes of floating ice, till he touched the Rimul shore. Upon the hillside, under the leafless forest, lay the mansion wrapped in fog. As he came nearer he could see the windows, glittering through the fog, but, as it were, with an expression of warning, not the bright smile with which they were accustomed to greet him in those happy days when, as a boy, he brought his sketches to little Ragnhild, and from her childlike delight drank strength and courage for coming days. These memories now again urged themselves upon him, and even for a moment made him waver in his determination; but, as if fleeing from his doubts, he hurried onward, and at length left them behind. Truly it was time that he should begin to act like a man. Ragnhild loved him, loved him as only Ragnhild could love; but, hard as the thought might be, it was not to be denied that she was ashamed to own him before men. And could he wonder? Had he ever done anything to prove to the world that he was entitled to its respect? And still what a power he felt within him! He was not the man who would have a woman stoop to own him, who would see her blush at her love for him. All this would he tell Ragnhild this day, tell her that she was no longer bound by any promise to him, that he was now going far away, where she should hear of him no more until he had lived to be something great. Then, perhaps, some time in the far future, when he should have compelled the world to know him and to honor him, he would return to her, if such should be her wish; and if not, he would be gone forever.

These were Gunnar's thoughts, and as he passed through the gate into the Rimul yard, he wondered again that he had not had the courage to know this and to say it before now. He had hoped to meet Ragnhild in the yard, that he might speak to her alone. This was about the time when she was wont to go to the cow-stables with her milk-pails. So he waited for some minutes at the gate, but not seeing her he concluded that she must already have gone, and that he would probably find her in the stable. But on his way thither he met one whom, to say the least, he would rather not have met; there, on the barn-bridge, stood the widow of Rimul, stiff and tall, on the very spot where he had seen her eight years before, when, as a twelve-years' old boy, he had come with his father to take charge of her cattle. If she had been a marble statue, and had been standing there ever since, she could hardly have changed less. The same unshaken firmness and decision in the lines about her mouth; the same erect, commanding stature, the smooth, clear forehead; even the folds of her white semicircular head-gear and the black wadmaal skirt were apparently unchanged; and although Gunnar had grown from a child to a man in those years, he again felt his courage deserting him as he stood face to face with the widow of Rimul. Indeed, the similarity of this occasion to the one alluded to, for the moment struck him so forcibly that he found it beyond his power to conquer that same boyish bashfulness and embarrassment which he had experienced at their first meeting. He had always prided himself that there was not the man in the parish of whom he was afraid; and yet here was a woman in whose presence he was and ever must remain a boy. This consciousness irritated him; with a vigorous effort he collected his scattered thoughts, and slowly and deliberately drew nearer. At the foot of the barn-bridge he stopped and took off his cap. "Thanks for last meeting," said he. The widow gave no heed to what he said, but continued giving her directions to the threshers who were at work in the barn.

(To be continued.)

* Vide Longfellow's Saga of King Olaf, in tales of a Wayside Inn.

† The barn-bridge is a bridge built from the yard to the second floor of the barn buildings, whence the hay and wheat are cast down and stored in the lower story.

ON THE SHORE.

Lie still, proud heart, and dream
Of all thy being craves;
Float down the sunny stream,
Kissed by the cheating waves.

For only thus to thee
Will happiness be given,
Thy life's intensity
Mocks that for which thou'st striven.

Lie still, tired heart, and dream
Of love, that lives and grows;
That friends are what they seem;
Of hope, trust, and repose.

That some grand soul with thine
Will merge to higher thought,
Touching thy life divine,
That fathoms unsought;

Cooling the fevered life
With tender touch and word;
Hushing the inward strife,
By secret longings stirred.

Lie still, poor heart, and dream,
Here by the sighing sea!
Dream that you only dream—
That these are not for thee.

I am that a sheltering love
Enfolds thee evermore;
That all for which you strove
Lies with thee on the shore.

That all the waves that come
To touch thy weary feet,
Bear on their crested foam
Life's messages complete.

Dream on, sad heart, dream on,
Here by the mournful sea!
While pitying waves make moan
In mystery, like thee!

PHILOSOPHIC MATRIMONY.

A STORY OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"I see," said Miss Faversham, the aunt; "that is why Mr. Henry Collinson took me down to supper, and expounded his views, instead of getting me any plovers' eggs."

"They are very nice, are they not?" said Miss Lucy Faversham, the niece.

"Yes, they are; though perhaps the price adds to their flavor."

"The price of his views, aunt?"

"No; of the eggs; I do not attach much value to the other things."

"But I do, aunt; if I am to marry him."

"I daresay you do, dear; and of course they may be genuine for once; but men always utter most beautiful sentiments while in a state of probation."

Lucy had one of those bits of tea in her teacup which are usually called "strangers," and she fished for it earnestly as she replied: "I don't think he is hypocritical."

"No more do I," rejoined the elder lady; "few of them are. They are simply ignorant. When a young man falls in love with a young woman, he is apt to think her an angel; and I do not call sentiments uttered while under that hallucination genuine, because they have no substantial basis. You have got a fine Grecian nose dear, though I should not praise it, as it is exactly like mine; and a very pretty mouth; and a delicate complexion, which, as well as your hair, I may safely commend; but you have no wings; and when he finds that out, he may lapse into conventional views."

"I suppose there must always be a risk," said the girl with a sigh.

"Good; there is common sense in that remark, and I am silenced. For the man is probably eligible enough, if you must marry some one, and that seems to be a mysterious necessity with most girls. However, I suppose he will be coming here to appraise himself, and then we shall be able to form a decided opinion."

"I do think, aunt," said Lucy, half-laughing, half-vexed, "that you never had a romantic feeling in all your life!"

"That is where you are wrong, my dear," replied Miss Faversham; "it was an overdose of the article, and not a lack of it, which kept me single, since a romantic desire for independence gave me a distaste for submitting my will to that of any fellow-creature, however estimable."

"But Henry does not wish me to submit my will; he goes further than you do in the assertion of woman's independence."

The conversation, which took place in a Westbourne drawing-room, during afternoon tea, was interrupted by a knock and a ring, and the entrance of the topic.

He hoped they were not fatigued by the dissipation of the night before, and was otherwise commonplace and would take a cup of tea, which he probably liked, as Lucy mixed it for him. When he had drunk it, she slipped out of the room, whereupon Henry Collinson came to the point at once.

"Miss Lucy Faversham being an orphan, I

come to you, as her nearest relative, to ask your consent to our marriage. I have got eight hundred a year!"

"Land?"

"No; consols."

"Oh! better, perhaps."

"And if I outlive a childless relative of seventy, I shall come into a lump sum of twenty or thirty thousand more. Am I well enough off?"

"Yes; we have no right to expect more. Lucy is no heiress; she will have five thousand pounds, tied up to her, when she marries, and that is all. The greater part of my income dies with me."

Henry Collinson bowed his head, and continued: "I appeal to your approval of my suit with some little confidence, because my views on certain subjects are rather advanced, and, if I have been correctly informed, such as you would approve."

"Indeed! Are my opinions made the theme of conversation, then?"

"Oh, I do not mean to say that; but I have got the impression, I cannot tell how, exactly, that you are an advocate of Woman's Rights. For my part, I loathe the injustice which makes any difference between the sexes. My wife, at any rate, shall never be subjected to petty tyranny of any kind; I should no more presume to dictate to her than to any male friend."

"Why, then, if it is true that a woman likes to have her own way above all other blessings, Lucy ought to be happy. But I have no particular theories that I know of, and rumor seems to have provided me with a strong mind on very slight provocation. I rather wish—excuse me, I am so old, and you are so young, that I speak freely—I rather wish that you had a profession."

"I have, Miss Faversham; philanthropy is my profession. My desire is to get into Parliament."

"Parliament! I thought that required a—well, a very great deal of money."

"Oh, but all that will be changed directly. I expect to meet with many rebuffs, but feel confident of succeeding at last, and when I am a member, I shall devote myself entirely to the redressing of woman."

"I see; pants and so forth. But I hope you will not persuade Lucy to adopt the new style until it is pretty general."

"You misunderstand me; the redressing of woman's wrongs, I should have said. Her costume is of minor importance."

"Is it? Wait a bit," said Miss Faversham, laughing. "Well, so you are going to be our champion, are you? Old maids like myself will have votes, eh?"

"And married women too," rejoined Collinson, with enthusiasm.

"Dear me, what a number of separations there will be after a general election! And we are to be lawyers, and parsons, and civil engineers, as well as doctors."

"Every profession ought to be open to both sexes equally."

"Then you will make us serve on juries, I suppose, and do vestry business; the churchwardens and so forth? I am sure that my sex ought to be eternally grateful to you, and I am sorry to think that at my age I can hardly hope to benefit by such beneficent legislation."

Mr. Henry Collinson had many good qualities, but a sense of humor was not one of them. He took Miss Faversham literally, and consoled her with the reflection that she was not much past her prime, and that the female millennium was actually dawning.

But though he did not understand that he was quizzed, he knew that he was accepted, and being invited to dinner that very evening, he went away supremely happy.

Everybody has an ideal to attain which would be perfect bliss; it may be swinging on a gate and eating bacon; or going into a third edition in two months; or averaging six trumps at whist; or rising to the premiership, and having your speedy death toasted at adverse political dinners. Henry Collinson's great desire was for domestic happiness; not, indeed, as most men understand it—marriage with a good-natured, even-tempered woman, who will study her husband's comforts, put up cheerfully with his whims, eke out his income and provide a pleasant home for him when wearied with business or pleasure out of doors; but the perfect sympathy of two souls, having one will, one interest, one home, and one purse in common. His courtship consisted principally of the expounding of these views, which seemed to Lucy very commendable. The main principle appeared to her to be, that she was to have her own way in everything; and that suited her. To tell the truth, she had been rather spoiled already: her aunt, who had had charge of her since she was nine years old, was no disciplinarian. If she liked people, she could not see their faults; if she disliked them, she did not believe that they had any merits; and she was fond of her niece. She was a clever woman to a certain extent, and had given Lucy a better education than girls often get, so as to convert her into a reasonable being, who could understand the why and the wherefore of things, and was not frightened at hearing that which she was accustomed to take for granted called in question; instead of being merely an accomplished child. That was why Miss Faversham had the reputation of being an advocate of woman's rights.

"My dear, she reads Euclid, and teaches it to that unfortunate girl!" said the gossip to one another. And they "had no patience with such newfangled nonsense," and dubbed the offender a member of the discontented female brigade. But, in truth, Miss Faversham was

not qualified for that corps; she had no particular faith in the abstract advantages of the suffrage. For example, she knew that mankind was selfish, and that no particular class could be trusted to rule without some check or supervision from the other classes, or else it would get all the oysters, and leave its fellow-citizens the shells, and she therefore thought the system good which distributed the power of electing lawmakers as equally as possible. But she could not understand in what particulars the interests of English women were antagonistic to those of English men; neither did she believe that there was any lack of honest desire in either house to promote the welfare of the wives, sweethearts, mothers, sisters, and daughters of the members. She thought, perhaps, erroneously, that if women are at any disadvantage, it is socially, not politically; and that the unwritten laws which some ladies think so irksome and galling, are promulgated and maintained by their own sex.

So that Lucy had not learned the humiliating misery of her position as a British female from her aunt, and it was from her lover's lips that she knew that men are tyrants and women slaves, and that a new order of chivalry had arisen for the emancipation of the oppressed ones.

She entered very readily into his views, and soon became convinced that she really was a most persecuted individual. The books he recommended her to read were some of them rather dry, but, as she was a talented skipper, that did not matter so much. Besides, it is worth while to be bored a little in the nursing of a grievance; it spurs the indignation.

But Henry Collinson was a lover as well as a philosopher, and pressed for an early date to be named for their marriage. Lucy said that she would be guided by her aunt, who made no attempt to delay it unreasonably.

"She is no companion to me any longer," said the outspoken lady; "perhaps when she is married she will recover her senses."

One thing she was obstinate about, and that was a religious ceremony, which the young man wanted to omit. It was odious, he said, that one human being should vow to honor and obey another.

"If Lucy thinks that, she had better not marry you at all," said Miss Faversham; "that is my opinion; and so you must be tied up in the usual manner, by a clergyman of the church of England, or she shall have neither the five thousand pounds nor a breakfast."

Principle is a very fine thing, but money is—money. So the pair were amalgamated, and toasted, and caked, and white-favored, and packed abroad for a month, just like ordinary couples in the same station of life.

When they came back, they fixed their home in a cottage near a wood, within half an hour's omnibus-ride of Charing Cross.

They soon had plenty of society; Henry Collinson's clique was not a large one, but all the members of it called on his bride, who presently became absorbed in a pursuit which rivals gambling for fascination: the hatching of a revolution. A mere social revolution, it was true, lacking the excitement and danger appertaining to the endeavor to upset the established government of a country; but by no means deficient in elements calculated to set the outer world by the ears, and consequently to fill the breasts of adepts with a most voluptuous feeling of superiority.

The young Mrs. Collinson had a "superior" mind, as the cant phrase runs; I mean that she was not content to vegetate like a cabbage; her intellectual half required to be fed, just like the corporeal; so that she could appreciate the leaders of the set in which she now found herself, and perceive that they undoubtedly were very clever women. And not only clever, but with a great deal of "go" in them; a quality without which ardent disciples are seldom made. Lucy soon became an ardent disciple; she knew, without vanity, that she was a more reasonable being than the majority of girls she had become intimate with up and down the world; she also knew, without false modesty, that her own mental calibre was far inferior to that of Mrs. Noble, Miss Franks, or Priscilla Skeps, and the influence which those ladies exercised over her was therefore well nigh unlimited. And on their part they were proud of their recruit: too many of the ladies who flocked to their standard had only discovered the rotten state of society after they had fallen under its ban, and their conversion was consequently rather suspicious; but Lucy was a genuine convert. They also liked her; no man or woman was yet proof against the flattery of a genuine admiration; besides which, she was active and useful, and was soon admitted into their most secret counsels.

Henry Collinson was delighted.

Five years elapsed, during which the delight of Henry Collinson subsided a little. Indeed, he wore a long face as he laded the tea in the teapot one morning, while his three children made things as uncomfortable as they could. The eldest, a boy of military proclivities, was drilling a squad of sugar-lumps, and swallowing an odd file at intervals; the second, a girl, was tubbing her doll in the slop-basin; while the youngest, who was little more than a crawler, kept trying how near it could go to several kinds of suicide without an actually fatal result, and howling because the experiments proved painful.

"Have you copied these letters?" his wife asked as she came hurriedly into the room.

"Yes," he replied; "they are all ready for the post."

"Why don't you keep the children quiet?"

What a noise they have been making!—Take your doll and be off, Sappho! Let the sugar alone, Tom. Bless me, there's that brat roaring again! What plagues children are!—Do ring the bell, Henry, and let us have them cleared out."

When this was done, and breakfast half over, Collinson came out with what was on his mind. "Look here, Lucy," said he; "you are a sensible woman, and ought not to flinch from the truth, and that is, that everything is going to the bad. Our household expenses are double what people who keep up much larger establishments pay; our servants rob us; the children are neglected, and will be beggared, for we are spending our capital."

"And whose fault is all this?"

"Well, I suppose you will own that we cannot consult our tastes and wishes in everything. Society could not go on if people did not attend to certain duties."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Collinson, "by duties you mean those sordid and degrading household cares which, as you say, must be imposed upon some one, and you would suggest that I do not take my fair share of them. But how can I? You know how my time is engaged; I have three lectures to deliver this week, one in Yorkshire, and another in Scotland, in addition to the board meetings and a mass of correspondence; while, except for relieving me of some of my work as secretary, you have absolutely nothing else to do but to look after household and nursery affairs. If you had been successful in getting into parliament, I should have withdrawn in a measure from public life, in order to set you more at liberty; but as it happens, it is my time that is the most valuable."

"Yes, yes; that is all very good in theory; but, practically, there are things belonging to a woman's department which a man cannot attend to."

"Are there? I do not know them. We are agreed that women ought to engage equally in what conventional prejudice calls man's work; why does not the converse hold good?"

"Because a man looks ridiculous in the kitchen or the nursery. Yesterday morning the servants tittered while I was ordering dinner; and when I came up-stairs again, I found that a dish-cloth had been pinned to my coat-tail."

"And of course you have given the cook warning?"

"Well, no; on reflection, it seemed less humiliating to appear not to notice it. But, after all, that is a secondary matter. The condition of the children is far more serious; I really cannot look after them properly. I do not understand what to do, and they are neglected. A mother has more influence with such very young children than a father."

"Another maxim which men have invented to put all the dirty work upon their wives! It was you yourself who first opened my eyes to the cruel injustice of the relations between the sexes, and you cannot now blind me again. I know no more about the management of a nursery than you do; we have always left that to those who are paid for it, and I see no reason for changing now, because you are afraid of servants' ignorant gossip."

"Don't lose your temper; I retract nothing I ever said, and I think I have proved pretty well that I was in earnest! But I never denied that there were certain duties for which men, and others for which women, are best fitted. Pumping and fighting are amongst the former; and looking after children, and seeing that female servants to their duty, are amongst the latter."

Mrs. Collinson looked at her watch, which was lying by her side on the breakfast-table, and said: "As I am pressed for time, we will grant your premises, though they cut several knots in a rather arbitrary way. But come now, what is the cause of this remonstrance? What has happened differently to-day from yesterday, or yesterday?"

"Well, the fact is, I have wanted to speak for a long time; but this morning I discovered..."

"Good gracious! Pack the nurse-girl off at once; send for the hairdresser, and have all their hair cut quite close, Sappho's and all. You really must attend to these matters, Henry; do whatever you think best. I have really no time to spare. If any particular plan suggests itself to me in the course of the day, and I have leisure, I will write you word."

She was putting on her bonnet and mantilla while she spoke, and finished with the door open. But she had a last word, and came back from the passage to say it.

"By-the-by, I shall want another five hundred pounds for the Female Watchmakers' Association. Don't look so frightened; it will pay in time, I have no doubt; but there must be funds to start with. I'll explain when we meet next; but the money is necessary; so see you have it ready, please."

And she was gone.

Left alone, Henry Collinson uttered a violent and most improper exclamation; then he took his hat and stick, and went out to walk up an idea.

CHAPTER II.

As Collinson was walking at a great pace along Baker Street, one Redman caught him by the shoulder, and begged him if he contemplated suicide, to pause and consider.

"You cannot undo it, you know," said Redman; "so you had better tell me what is up, and then I will advise you honestly whether to hang yourself or not."

Redman belonged to the same set as Collinson; like him, he was a supporter of Woman's Rights; like him, he figured at conversaziones like a male dancer in a ballet, and they were both members of a mutual admiration club. But Redman was not married; he loved the society of clever women, and when they were pretty, he invariably fell in love with them. But it was Platonic love, which was very fortunate, because the majority of the ladies who attracted him had husbands somewhere.

Redman and Henry Collinson had been intimate friends for many years, and had few secrets from one another; so the latter, instead of quashing the subject in his thoughts, led the talk up to it.

"By Jove," said he, "hanging is not a bad idea. It had not occurred to me."

"Come; what is the matter?"

"Only a little domestic trouble about servants and that. My wife is so much engaged, especially since she took up lecturing, and — well, the children are neglected. I found this morning that their heads are not kept clean!"

"Pah! Get rid of the nurse, to start with."

"That is just what my wife said," replied Collinson; "and indeed it is the obvious course. But, confound it! every time I change a servant — and I am always at it now — it is for the worse."

"Hum! Fact is, you want to change the missis."

"Redman!"

"Pooh! Don't fire up, or I shall think I have touched a raw by accident. Of course, I was only trying to be epigrammatic."

"Well, taken in the sense that it is a head that my household wants, you are right enough."

"Hum!" said Redman. "Let us take a walk in the Park, and don't you speak to me again until you are spoken to, and perhaps I may hatch an idea for you. There; stick that cigar in your mouth, and let it stop in it."

Henry Collinson religiously observed his friend's injunction, and was careful not to disturb the process of incubation; for Redman's advice, when he did give it, was always practical. It came rather quickly this time, for before the cigars were smoked out he stopped short and said:

"Look here! You get a nursery governess, a parson's daughter for choice, who has had little brothers and sisters to look after, and knows something of household management. And you put her on a good footing at first, and make your servants understand that she is to be housekeeper, and that you will not stand any nonsense. You will save her salary and keep in the first month, and your house will be inhabitable, and the children kissable."

"Redman, you are a genius!" cried Collinson, in delight. I never thought of that; and yet it seems the most natural plan to adopt. I wish you could clench your advice by conjuring up the right sort of girl for the situation."

"I do not despair of doing that. Our friend, Mrs. Noble, has always about a score of young ladies to get off, and she cannot make watchmakers of the whole lot. I daresay she will provide the very article you want."

"To be sure! Let us go and call on her at once."

"With all my heart," said Redman; and they turned towards Kensington, where Mrs. Noble resided.

"By-the-by," said Collinson, as they walked along, "that watchmaking speculation is very good as a female employment scheme, but will it ever pay its way?"

"Never!" cried Redman.

"So I think," said Collinson; and he registered a mental vow that he would not provide a penny of that second five hundred pounds.

His resolution was soon tested, for the lady they now called on was one of the principal promoters of the association, and he wanted her assistance. However, he took the bull by the horns rather shrewdly, for when Mrs. Noble alluded to the difficulties she had to contend with (they found her busy with the accounts), he intimated that he never expected to receive any return for the five hundred pounds he had already contributed, but was consoled by reflecting upon the excellence of the object which his money had gone to support, although, indeed, it was rather a serious matter to him.

So that, instead of asking for more, Mrs. Noble thanked him for his past generosity; and when he mentioned his present discomfort, and the proposed remedy, entered warmly into the matter. Redman's prognostication proved quite correct; amongst her numerous proteges there was one who she thought would fit the position capably.

Her father had been a naval officer; on his death, ten years before, his widow had started a very small school, for very small children; but falling into bad health, the management of it had devolved principally on her daughter, who was at present twenty-three, and an orphan.

"I have tried to get her some situation in a large hotel," said Mrs. Noble, "but have failed; so we have fallen back upon telegraphy. But she would prefer being a nursery governess, as she is fond of children and the open air. She is fairly educated, as women's education goes at present, but is not accomplished, and would not do for big children at all. — Nay; you need not thank me; you will relieve me of anxiety if you take her, for one thing; and for another, I am a principal cause of your wife's time being so much engaged. So that it will ease my conscience if I can help, in any way, to set your domestic affairs straight. When would you like to see Miss Tarrant?"

"As soon as possible," replied Henry Collinson.

"Well, it is now half-past eleven. Will you call again at three? She will be here then."

"Redman," said Collinson, when they were outside the house, "your ideas are titanic; you deserve a gold medal; I offer you an oyster." So they lunched.

Punctually at three, Henry Collinson returned to Mrs. Noble's drawing-room, where he found a small, placid, self-possessed young lady, with nice brown hair, parted, and gathered in a knot behind, in the old Greek style, not frizzed out, or piled up in any of the modern fashions. She was dressed plainly, but neatly; and though not absolutely pretty, she had just the pleasant, cheerful kind of face which children take to. Directly he saw her, he hoped that she was Miss Tarrant; and she was.

They soon came to terms, both being content to abide by Mrs. Noble's proposition, and that lady came roundly to the point, as was her custom.

"And now, when is she to arrive; to-morrow?" asked the negotiatress.

"Well," demurred Mr. Collinson, "perhaps we had better say the day after. Miss Tarrant would feel more comfortable if my wife knew of her coming. I suppose I shall see Lucy this evening?"

"Yes, I expect so," replied Mrs. Noble; "she does not leave for the north till to-morrow, and has told Priscilla that she will not be able to second her motion this evening, because she must look over the notes for her lecture."

"Very good. Then I will tell her of our arrangements to-night; and, with a clear day between, I think I shall be able to get everything comfortable. There is a room which will make a capital school-room, and I think we will leave the ordering of slates and dictionaries, and grammars and canes, and those sort of things, to you, when you come, Miss Tarrant."

"As you say the eldest child is only four, I do not think that any great stock need be laid in," replied the young lady, smiling.

"O no; I suppose not," said Collinson. "By-the-by, though, Mrs. Noble, you have been so very kind, that I am tempted to impose a little further by asking for a hint or two about furnishing an extra room." And he took out his note-book.

"You have a spare room, have you not?" replied the lady; "had you not better lodge Miss Tarrant there for the present?"

"Ah, yes, to be sure; I forgot the spare room. But a davenport now; there is only my wife's. Can a lady do without a davenport?"

"I have never had such a thing yet," said Miss Tarrant. "I am sure you are very kind, sir; but, pray, do not take so much trouble. I have never been used to luxuries."

It was not often that Henry Collinson took the initiative with his wife, but that evening was an exception. They dined together, and when the meal was over, and he had swallowed a little jumping-powder, he said abruptly: "You cannot have that five hundred pounds, Lucy. I honor your motives, and am ready to contribute to the support of any philanthropic scheme you have at heart to a moderate extent; but I will not ruin myself and the children for it, and it is unreasonable to expect it."

"Well, don't work yourself up, and look so anxious," replied Mrs. Collinson, laughing; "any one would think I was a regular termagant. If we cannot afford to risk any more to bolster up the watchmaker business, we cannot, and there's an end to it. By-the-by, did you see about the children?"

"Yes; and really I am such a bad hand at choosing and managing servants, and so forth, that I think we had better have an educated person in the capacity of nursery governess."

"Oh, well, take care whom you get. I'd consult Mrs. Noble."

"I have done so, and she recommends a Miss Tarrant."

Mrs. Collinson looked a little thoughtful.

"I wish I had time to look after this myself," she said presently, "but I have not; so you must manage."

The new nursery governess was a success. The children took to her at once, and the servants didn't. That made a clearance of bad rubbish.

"Hoity-toity, miss, and who are you, pray?" asked the cook, at the very first remonstrance.

"I am a person paid by Mr. and Mrs. Collinson to look after their interests, because they have been badly served and robbed for some time back," said Miss Tarrant.

Cook was silenced, but not reformed; and the first time Miss Tarrant caught her in flagrant dishonesty, she was packed off, and replaced by a good servant of the young lady's choosing. The housemaid was a malleable girl, whose conduct depended entirely on example and supervision, so she did very well after a bit. The state the children were in was reason sufficient for the dismissal of the nurse and nurse-girl, and their work was better done by one good country lass acting under Miss Tarrant's actual superintendence.

In three weeks' time the house was hardly recognisable. The children were clean, neat, well-behaved, and happy; breakfast was a bright pleasant little meal, which started the day cheerfully, and the dinners were so good that guests thought that the Collinsons were launching out extravagantly. Yet the household bills were just about half what they had been.

Redman courted his friend's society more than he had ever done before, and was a constant visitor at the house. He would even come in the morning with toys for the children, and ask to

be allowed to give them with his own hands. He had never noticed them much before, which shows what wonderful enchanters soap and water and brushes are.

Or was it the cookery which attracted Redman? He positively fished for invitations to stop and dine; and he was rather a gourmet. Whatever the charm, children or entrees, he behaved like a gentleman, which he was, towards Miss Tarrant; he treated her like a duchess, instead of assuming that condescending, patronising air which some men who ought to know better adopt when addressing a lady holding a similar position in a household. Lucy Collinson was not so absorbed in her self-imposed public duties as to remain insensible to the reforms which had been instituted in her home, and she was too rational to blind herself to their extent, although the contrast betrayed how much had been neglected before. But in a little while she began to feel dissatisfied. She was very glad to be relieved of all trouble about the children, but she didn't like to see them so fond of another woman; and when their governess had to prompt them *sotto voce* to filial behavior, which was sometimes the case, it was neither gratitude nor liking which she felt for her.

The wife's movements had become so very uncertain and erratic, that for the last year or so it had been agreed that the husband was never to wait dinner for her; and now, if she happened to come home before the repast was over, it gave her what less strong-minded ladies would have called "a turn" to see this other woman dining *tête-à-tête* with him. Or if she returned later in the evening, she would very likely find Miss Tarrant busy with her needle, and Henry Collinson reading a novel or a poem aloud to her, and then again wifely instincts seemed to jar with philosophic sentiments.

In the early days of her married life, she had enjoyed the cosy domestic evenings when she and her husband were alone with an entertaining book; or perhaps the reminiscence of a play seen together the night before, than which there is no better provocative of pleasant chat, would equally interest them. But she had not escaped the weakness to which earnest reformers, and people who think they have got Missions, are subject: the uneasy suspicion that any acquiescence in the existing order of things is reasonable to their principles. That which is common, they consider vulgar in the mean sense; they would fain forego eating, drinking and sleeping, if it were possible; as it is not, they sigh over those necessary functions as human imperfections. If one could clear one's mind of cant, it would be difficult to conceive why the performance of public duties should be more honorable than that of private. But it was the established custom for men to pay most attention to the former, and women to the latter; and, therefore, the set with whom Lucy had cast in her lot concluded that the arrangement must be wrong, and humiliating to the female sex. "Are we fit only for nurses and housekeepers?" they indignantly demanded. So Lucy Collinson learned to consider a comfortable acquiescence in the ordinary routine of domestic life to be in some way a cowardly connivance at the barbaric theory of women being property. And after a while habit became a second nature, and she was so absorbed by her committees and meetings, and lectures, that she had no time for even a passing regret that home quiet and happiness had been sacrificed on the altar of Public Duty. But to hand her husband over to his club, or any avocations which might amuse him, and to intrust the care of her children to servants, was one thing; to see another woman in a measure filling her place was quite another.

So Collinson found his wife growing cross, gloomy, and reserved; she no longer talked to him of the matters in which she was interested; so that altogether he began to feel less regret that he saw so little of her. He attributed her altered demeanor to his refusal to provide the second five hundred pounds for floating the scheme for training female watchmakers, and as he was determined not to impoverish his family for any plan, however beneficial to man or woman kind at large, he saw no way to a reconciliation. How far the coldness between man and wife would have extended, and in what it would have resulted, cannot be told, for it was thawed by sickness.

One morning, while Henry Collinson was shaving he heard Lucy call him, and going into the bedroom found her clinging to the dressing table.

"Where am I?" she cried faintly. "What is the matter with me? I cannot see!"

He got her into bed again, and sent for a doctor, who said she had a low fever — and he was not far out — only it was a high one.

Miss Faversham had two strongly developed tastes for sea-air and crowds. She had lived in London for her niece's sake, and on the girl's marriage migrated to Brighton for her own. So, when Lucy was convalescent, and the doctor prescribed change of air, she asked Henry Collinson to bring her there; an invitation readily enough accepted, for who would take an invalid into lodgings, when they had the chance of affording her the quiet, comfort, and cookery of a home?

Getting well is a very pleasant process when you are young and have a good constitution, and are well nursed. You can be lazy, not merely with a safe conscience, but with the sense of laziness being a virtue; no one may contradict or worry you; the nicest eatables and drinkables are provided for you, and your enjoyment of them is considered positively meritorious. And then the sense of daily increasing strength is of itself a pleasure, and the joy which a child feels in mere existence is once more experienced.

Lucy Collinson was happier now than she had been for years. She was drawn along the esplanades and piers in a chair, with her husband in attendance upon her; and when she got a little stronger she left it, and walked about at intervals, leaning on his arm. It was quite like a second honeymoon.

But the renewed happiness in her husband's companionship did not prevent another desire from increasing daily with her renewed forces.

"Cannot the children come down?" she asked one day. "They need not trouble my aunt at all; we could get lodgings for them, you know, somewhere. It seems such an age since I saw them."

"I was thinking about that very thing," said Henry Collinson; "only, I was not sure whether you could bear their noise yet."

"O yes; I am so much stronger. And besides, they would not be in the house. They will forget me, and begin to think Miss Tarrant their veritable mother if they are left alone with her much longer."

Her voice faltered as she said this, and her astonished husband saw tear-drops standing in her eyes.

"No fear of that!" he cried cheerfully. "But we will have them down at once. What will you bet Redman does not follow in less than a week?"

"Redman! Is he so fond of the children as all that?"

"No; but he is of their governess. There; it is out now. I did not mean to have told you yet, for fear you should worry. They are engaged; but Miss Tarrant refuses to marry him till you are well enough to look out for a successor."

A minute before, Lucy's maternal feelings were struggling with jealousy, so that the desire to see her children found expression with difficulty because their governess must needs come with them. And now, one short sentence had cleared the horizon. Her husband wondered much at the sudden manner in which her eyes brightened and her spirits rose, but put it all down to delight that Miss Tarrant should be so well provided for, and thought what a good unselfish woman his wife was!

"I daresay we shall be able to find some one just as good," he said presently.

"Or do without one," rejoined Lucy. "My place is filled in the different societies I have been working for, and I shall have more leisure on my hand, when I get well than has been the case for some time."

The subject was renewed that evening, when Miss Faversham was told that the children were coming to Brighton.

"I am glad of it," she said. "I am an old maid, and do not understand these things properly, but it seems to me that if I had children I should think it my first duty in this world to look after them. Besides, I hate what is unnatural. I had a cat drowned once because she ate her kittens. I don't say that for you, Lucy, because you always loved your young children and even your husband, when you had time to remember their existence."

"I did not think it right to give up work I had once undertaken," said Lucy.

"And very useful work a great deal of it is," replied Miss Faversham. "I have watched the progress of several of your schemes with the deepest interest; only, I was rather sorry for Henry there."

"I urged her on at first," said Collinson.

"I know you did; and that is where you made a mistake," replied Miss Faversham. "A few philosophers, who are very clever, very energetic — men of original thought, who are worshipped by their disciples, can afford to marry women who devote their lives to lecturing, petitioning, and passing resolutions; indeed, they are probably the happier for having mates who can run in harness with them. But there are only about half-a-dozen such men in England, and you are not one of them."

THE IMMENSE WEALTH OF THE LATE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.—As further inquiries take place, and a more careful examination is made of the effects of the late Duke of Brunswick, the proportions of his bequest grow larger, and it is probable that when the total amount has been realised it will not fall far short of two hundred million francs (£3,000,000). The securities and jewels lodged with the Bank of Commerce represent the value of 30,000,000 francs, and, in addition, two large safes of a peculiar construction, said to have been made on plans elaborated by a mechanic kept for many years for that purpose by the Duke, still remain unexamined, as the keys cannot be found, and the difficulties of opening them are very great. They are supposed to contain the more valuable of the far-famed Brunswick jewels, as well as the whole of his French and English bonds, none of which have yet come to light. The hotels of the Duke in Paris are also very valuable, and his property in America is worth a considerable sum. It was at first surmised that there would be a difficulty in obtaining possession of the late Duke's German estates, but the fear has been set at rest by a telegram from Prince Bismarck to the President of the Genevese Conseil d'Etat, stating that the personal property in Germany amounted to 65,000,000 francs, and was at the disposal of the City of Geneva. The Municipality of Geneva may consider itself fortunate in becoming the recipients of the Duke's wealth, for strenuous efforts were made at different times within the last couple of years to effect an alteration in the legacies.

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on | borers.

MY VIOLET.

A Violet lay in the grass,
A tear in its golden eye;
And it said, Alas and alas!
The night is over and gone,
Another day is anigh,
And I am alone, alone!
There is none to care if I die,
There is none to be glad that I live;
The lovers they pass me by
And never a glance they give.
And I could love so well, so well!
If one would but tarry and tell
A tale that was told to me only:—
My lover might go his ways,
But through all the nights and the days
I should never again be lonely!

Then sudden there fell a look
Into that violet's heart.
It lifted its face with a start;
It arose; it trembled and shook.
At last, O at last! it cried;
Down drooped its head, and it died.

Is God in Heaven! Is the light
Of the moons, and the stars, and the suns,
His,—or the Evil One's!
Is he cruel, or mad, or right!

The Pansy that grew by the wall,
Its heart was heavy with bliss.
In the night it had heard a call;
It listened, it felt a kiss;
Then a loving Wind did fall
On its breast, and shiver with gladness:
The morning brought love's madness
To light,—and the lover fled.
But the eye that burned in his head
Shot love through each and all,
For the Pansy that bloomed by the wall
Shone sweet in every place,—
In the sky, the earth, and the air,—
And that lover saw never the face
Of my dead violet there.

Hush! Hush! Let no sorrow be spoken!
Though it perish, no pity shall flout it.
Better to die heart-broken
Of love than to live without it!

—The Old Cabinet.

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PUBLICANS and SINNERS

A LIFE PICTURE.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "To The Bitter End," "The Outcasts," &c., &c.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER XIV.

GEOFFREY LEARNS THE WORST.

They had dined, and the letter was written. A week-old moon shone in the placid heaven; the tender night stillness had descended upon the always-quiet town; lights twinkled gaily from the casements of surrounding villas; like a string of jewels gleamed the lamps of the empty High-street. The slow river wound his sinuous course between the rushes and the willows without so much as a ripple. No sweeter air could have breathed among the leaves, no calmer sky could have o'er-canopied this earth on that night in Verona when young Romeo stole into Capulet's garden under the midnight stars. It was a night made for lovers.

The clock struck the half hour after nine as Geoffrey left the hotel with his friend's letter in his pocket; assuredly a strange hour in which to visit a lady who has forbidden him to visit her at all! But a man who feels that he is taking a desperate step will hardly stop to consider the details of time or place which may render it a little more or less desperate.

To approach the woman he loved armed with a letter from another man; to bring a stranger's influence to bear upon her who had been deaf to his most passionate pleading; to say to her, "I myself have failed to touch your heart, but here is my bosom friend's prayer in my behalf: will you grant to his vicarious wooing the grace you have persistently denied to me?"—what could seem madder, more utterly desperate, than such a course as this?

Yet women are doubtless strange creatures—a fact which those classic poets and satirists whose opinions it had been his pleasing task to study had taken pains to impress on Mr. Hossack's mind. He remembered Mrs. Bertram's agitation in that brief scene with Lucius, her exalted sense of gratitude. It was just possible that she really might regard him, even at this hour, as the preserver of her child's life—second only to Providence in that time of trouble. And if she thought of him thus, his influence might have some weight.

"Dear old fellow!" thought Geoffrey affectionately; "he wouldn't let me see the letter. I daresay he has given me no end of a character,—like other written characters, which are generally of the florid order—praised me up to

the skies. Will his eloquence move her to pity me, I wonder? I fear not. And I feel odiously caddish, going to deliver my own testimonials."

If he could have faced Lucius with any grace, it is possible that he would have turned back, even on the very threshold of Mrs. Bertram's tiny garden. But after bringing his friend down from London, could he be so churlish as to reject his aid, let it be offered in what manner so ever?

He plucked up his courage at sight of the lamp in her window—a gentle light. The upper half of the casement was open, and he heard the dreamy arpeggios of one of Mendelssohn's Lieder played by the hand whose touch even his untutored ear knew so well. In another minute he was admitted by a neat little servant, who opened the door of the parlor unhesitatingly, and ushered him straightway in, assured that he had come to propose a new pupil, and regarding him as the harbinger of fortune.

"A gentleman, if you please, 'm, to see you." Mrs. Bertram rose from the piano, the graceful figure he knew so well, in the plain black

as near and dear to me as ever brother was to brother. I have told him the story of my hopeless love—"

"O, pray, pray, not that subject!" she said, with a little movement of her hand, half in warning, half entreaty.

"I have told him all," continued Geoffrey, undeterred by that deprecating gesture, "and he has written to you, believing that his influence might move you a little in my favor. You will not refuse to read his letter, will you, Mrs. Bertram, or feel offended by his interference?"

"No," she said, holding out her hand to receive the letter; "I can refuse him nothing."

She betrayed neither surprise nor anger, but read the letter, which was somewhat long, with deepest interest. Her countenance as she read, watched closely by her lover, betrayed stronger emotion than he had ever yet seen in that calm inscrutable face. Tears gathered on the eyelids ere she had finished, and at the end her fingers crushed the page with a passionate grasp, and a half-stifled sob burst from the proud bosom.



"SEE SAW."

dress, just as he had seen her the first time at the morning concert in Manchester-square—a certain lofty pose of the head, the dark eyes looking at him with a grave steady look, after just one briefest flash of glad surprise, just one faint quiver of the perfect lips.

"Mr. Hossack!"

"Yes, I know you have forbidden me to call upon you, and yet I dare to come, at this unreasonable hour, in defiance of your command. Forgive me, Mrs. Bertram, and for pity's sake hear me. A man cannot go on living for ever betwixt earth and heaven. A time has come when I feel that I must either leave this place, and," with a faint tremble in his voice, "all that makes it dear to me, or remain to be happier than I am—happy, at least, in the possession of some sustaining hope. You remember my friend Davoren?"

Remember him! Her cheek blanched even at the mention of his name.

"The doctor who came down to see your daughter?"

"Yes," she said, looking at him strangely; "I am not likely to forget Mr. Davoren."

"You are too grateful for a trifling service. Well, Davoren, my dear old friend, the best and truest friend I have, is here again."

"Here!" she cried, looking towards the door, as if she expected to see it open to admit him.

"O, I should so like to see him again!"

"He will be only too proud to call upon you to-morrow; but in the meantime he—"

Mrs. Bertram, you must forgive me for what I am going to say. Remember, Davoren is my friend,

"His eloquence has more power than mine," said Geoffrey, with kindling jealousy.

"He pleads well," she answered, with a slow sad smile—"pleads as few men know how to plead for another. He urges me to be very frank with you, Mr. Hossack; bids me remember the priceless worth of a heart as true and noble as that you have offered me; entreats me, for the sake of my own happiness and of yours, to tell you the wretched story of my past life. And if, when all is told, wisdom or honor counsels you to leave me, why," with a faint broken laugh, "you have but to bid me good-bye, and go away, disenchanted and happy."

"Happy without you! Never; nor do I believe your power to disenchant me."

"Do not promise too much. My—this letter bids me do what, of my own free will, I never could have done—tell you the story of my life. Perhaps I had better write to you; yet no, it might be still more difficult. I will tell you all, at once. And then hate me or despise me, as you will. You must at least remember that I have never courted your love."

"I know that you have been the most cruel among women, the most inexorable—"

"I was not so once, but rather the weakest. Hear my story, as briefly, as plainly as I can tell it. Years ago I was a guest at a great lady's house—a visitor among people who were above me in rank, but who were pleased to take a fancy to me, as the phrase goes, because I had some little talent for music. I sang and played well enough to amuse them and their guests. The lady was an amateur, raved about music,

and delighted in bringing musical people about her. Among her favorites when I visited her was one who had a rare genius—a man with whom music was a second nature, whose whole being seemed to be absorbed by his art. Violinist, pianist, organist, with a power of passionate expression that gave a new magic even to the most familiar melodies, he seemed the very genius of music. I heard him, and, like my patroness, was enchanted. She was amused to see my delight; threw us much together; wove a little romance out of our companionship; made us play and sing together; and in a word, with the most innocent and kindly intentions, prepared the way for my deepest misery."

"You loved this man!" cried Geoffrey, ready to hate him on that ground.

"Loved him! I thought so then. There are times when I believe I never really loved him, that the glamor which he cast around me was only the magic of his art. He was a creature of mystery—a mere waif and stray, admitted to the house where I met him on no better recommendation than his genius. He had the manners and education of a gentleman, the eccentricities of an artist. He asked me to be his wife, disregarded my refusal, pursued me with an unwearying persistence, and, aided by the wondrous power of his genius, triumphed over every argument, conquered every opposition, wrung from me my consent to a secret union. It would be useless to repeat his specious statements—his pretended reasons for desiring a secret marriage. I was weak enough, wicked enough, to consent to the arrangement he proposed; but not until after many a bitter struggle."

"Why pain yourself by these wretched memories?" exclaimed Geoffrey. "Tell me nothing except that you will be my wife. I will take all the rest upon trust. There is no such thing as truth or purity in woman if you are not worthy of an honest man's love."

"You shall hear me to the end," she answered quietly, "and then pronounce whether I am or not. The house in which we were visitors was only two miles from a cathedral city. He of whom I have been speaking—"

"Mr. Bertram."

"I will call him Bertram, although I am bound to tell you that name is not the true one. Mr. Bertram proposed a marriage before the registrar in the cathedral town. We were both long enough resident in the neighborhood for the necessary notice. Indeed, that had been given some days before I gave my most reluctant consent. At the last, harassed by Mr. Bertram's importunity, believing that I loved him and was the object of a most devoted love, without an adviser or friend at hand to whom I could appeal, conscious that I was guilty of ingratitude and disobedience towards the dearest and best of parents, I suffered myself to be hurried into this wretched union. We walked across the park early one morning, and went to the registrar's office, where the brief form was gone through, and my lover told me I was his wife. I went home that very day, for the necessity of a fortnight's notice to the registrar had deferred the marriage to the last day of my visit. I went back to the parents who loved and trusted me, weighed down by the burden of my guilty secret."

"Was Mr. Bertram's rank superior to yours? and was that his reason for secrecy?" asked Geoffrey.

"He made me believe as much. He told me that he hazarded position and fortune by marrying me, and I believed him. I was not quite nineteen, and had been brought up in a small country town, brought up by people to whom falsehood was impossible. You may suppose that I was an easy dupe. Some time after my return he appeared in our little town. I implored him to tell my father and mother, or to let me tell them, of our marriage. He refused, giving me his reasons for that refusal; using the same arguments he had employed before, and to which I was obliged to submit, reluctantly enough, Heaven knows. But when he claimed me as his wife, and reminded me that I was bound to follow his fortunes, I refused to obey. I told him that the marriage before the registrar had to me seemed no marriage at all, and that I would never leave home and kindred for his sake until I had stood before God's altar by his side. This, which he called a mere school-girl prejudice, made him angry; but after a time he gave way, and told me that I should be satisfied. He would marry me in my father's church, but our union must not be less remain a secret. He had a friend, a curate in a London parish, who would come down to perform the ceremony quietly one morning, without witnesses. The marriage before the registrar was ample for all legal purposes, he told me. This marriage in the church was to be only for the satisfaction of my conscience, and it mattered not how informal it might be."

"Never shall I forget that day—the empty church wrapped in shadow, the rain beating against the great window over the altar, the face of the stranger who read the service, the dreary sense of loneliness and helplessness that crept about my heart as I stood by the side of him for whom I was now to forsake all I had loved. Never, surely, was there a more mournful wedding. I felt guilty, miserable, despairing, my heart at this last hour clinging most fondly to those from whom I was about to sever myself, perhaps for life. When the service ended, the stranger who had read it looked at me in a curious way and left the church, after a little whispered talk with my husband. When he had gone, Bertram went straight to the organ—that organ on which he had played for many an hour during the last few weeks—and

struck the opening chords of the "Wedding March."

"Come, Janet," he cried, "let us have our triumphal music, if we have no other item in the pageantry of a wedding."

"He played, as he always played, like a man who, for the time being, lived only in music; but for my overburdened heart even that magic had no soothing influence. I left the organ-loft, and went down-stairs again. Here, in the dimly-lighted aisle, I almost stumbled against the stranger who had read the marriage-service."

"I was anxious to see you," he began, in a nervous hesitating way, and very slowly—"anxious to be assured that all was right. You have been already married before the registrar, your husband informs me, and this ceremonial of to-day is merely for the satisfaction of your own conscience; yet I am bound to inform you—"

"The last notes of the 'Wedding March' had pealed out from the old organ before this, and I heard my husband's footsteps behind me as the stranger spoke. He came quickly to the spot where we stood, and put my arm through his."

"I thought I told you, Leslie, that my wife has had the whole business fully explained to her," he said.

"The stranger muttered something which sounded like an apology, bowed to me, wished my husband good-bye, and hurried away. If he had come back to the church to give me friendly counsel or timely warning, he left it with his intention unfulfilled."

"I left my father's house secretly at day-break next morning, half-hearted. I have no excuse to plead for this wicked desertion of parents who had loved me only too well; or only the common excuse that I loved the man who tempted me away from them—loved him above duty, honor, self-respect. I left the dear old home where I had been so happy, conscious that I left it under a cloud. Only in the future could I see myself reestablished in the love and confidence of my father and mother; but Mr. Bertram assured me that that future was not far off. Of the bitter time that followed, I will speak as briefly as possible. Mine was a wretched wandering life, linked with a man whom I discovered but too soon to be utterly wanting in honor or principle; a life spent with one whose only profession was to prey upon his fellow-man; who knew no scruple where his own advantage was in question; whom I soon knew to be relentless, heartless, false to the very core. Heaven knows it is hard to say all this of one I had so deeply loved, for whom I had hazarded and lost so much. Enough that the day came when I could no longer endure the dishonor of association with him; when I felt that I would sooner go out into the bleak world of which I knew so little, and commit my own fate and my child's to the mercy of God, than I could share the degradation of a life sustained by fraud. I told my husband as much: that finding all my endeavors to persuade him to alter his mode of life worse than useless, since they led only to bursts of scornful anger on his part, I had resolved to leave him, and live as I best might by my own industry, or, if God pleased, starve. He heard my decision with supreme indifference, and turning to me with the bitter smile I knew so well, said:

"I congratulate you on having arrived at so wise a decision. The matrimonial fetters have galled us both. I thought you a clever woman, and a fitting helpmate for a man who has to live by his wits. I find you a pining fool, with a mind cramped by the teaching of a country parsonage. Our union has been a mistake for both; but I am happy to inform you that it is not irrevocable. Our marriage before the registrar and our marriage in the church are alike null and void; for I had a wife living at the time, and, for aught I know, have still."

"The consummate scoundrel," cried Geoffrey, with a smothered curse; "but why do you tell me these things? why torture yourself by recalling them? However wronged by this villain, in my eyes you are purest among the pure."

"I have little more to tell. He took the initiative, and left me with my child in furnished lodgings in a garrison town, where he had found profitable society among the officers of the regiment then quartered there, and had distinguished himself by his skill at billiards. He left me penniless, and at the mercy of the lodging-house keeper, to whom he owed a heavy bill. I will not trouble you with the details of my life from this point. Happily for me, the woman was merciful. I freely surrendered the few trinkets I possessed, and she suffered me to depart unmolested with my own and my child's small stock of clothes. I removed to humbler lodgings, gave lessons in music and singing, struggled on, paid my way, and after some time left the town with my child and came straight to London, glad to be lost in that ocean of humanity. I had heard before this of the death of both my parents—heard with a remorseful grief which I shall continue to suffer till my dying day; the sin of ingratitude such as mine entails a lifelong punishment. I was therefore quite alone in the world. I think if it had not been for my little girl I could hardly have survived so much misery, hardly have faced a future so hopeless. But that one tie bound me to life—that sweet companionship made sorrow endurable—lent a brightness even to my darkest days. I have no more to tell; God has been very good to me. All my efforts have prospered."

"I know not how to thank you for this confidence," said Geoffrey, "for to my mind it removes every barrier between us, if you only can return, in some small measure, the love I have

given you, and which must be yours till the end of my life."

"You forget," she said sadly, "he who is in my estimation my husband still lives; or, at least, I have had no evidence of his death."

"What! you would hold yourself bound by a tie which he told you was worthless?"

"I swore before God's altar, in my father's church—the church where I was christened, at the altar before which I knelt when our good old bishop laid his hands upon my head and blest me—I swore to cleave to him till death should part us. If he perjured himself, there is no reason why I should break my vow. I left him because to live with him was to participate in a life of fraud and dishonor, but I hold him not the less my husband. If you have any doubt of the story I have told you, the books of the registrar at Tyrrillhurst, in Hampshire, will confirm my story."

"If I doubt you!" cried Geoffrey. "I am as incapable of doubting you as you are of falsehood. But for God's sake abandon this idea of holding by a marriage which was from first to last a lie!"

Then followed passionate pleading, met by a resolution so calm, yet so inflexible, that in the end Geoffrey Hossack felt his prayers were idle, and farther persistence must needs degenerate into persecution.

"Be it so!" he exclaimed at last, angry and despairing; "you have been persistently cruel from the first. Why did you suffer me to love you, only to break my heart? Since it must be so, I bid you farewell, and leave you to the satisfaction of remaining true to a scoundrel."

He hurried from the room and from the house, not trusting himself with a last look at the face which had wrought this fever in his brain; rushed away through the tranquil summer night, neither knowing nor caring where he went, but wandering on by the grassy banks that wound along the sinuous track of the river, by farm and homestead, lock and weir, under the shadow of hill and wood. It was nearly three hours after midnight when the sleepy Boots admitted Mr. Hossack to the respectable family hotel, and Lucius Davoren was waiting full of anxiety and even fear.

"If I had known anything of this place, I should have come out in search of you, Geoffrey," he said. "It isn't the kindest thing in the world to ask a man to come down here to see you, and then leave him for five mortal hours under the apprehension that you have come to an untimely end."

Geoffrey wiped the travel stains from his forehead with a long-drawn sigh.

"I was too down-hearted to come straight home," he said, "so I went for a walk. I suppose I walked a little too far, but don't be angry, old fellow. I'm as nearly broken-hearted as a man can be."

"Did she tell you all?"

"Everything; a dismal story, but one that proves her to be all I have ever believed her—sinned against but sinless. And now, Lucius, can you explain how it was that your letter could influence her to do what she would have never done for my sake?"

"Easily. You have proved yourself a true-hearted fellow, Geoffrey, and I'll trust you with a secret—Mrs. Bertram is my sister."

"Your sister!" cried Geoffrey, with supreme astonishment.

"Yes, the sister whose name I have not uttered for years, but whom I have never ceased to love. My sister Janet, who left her home eight years ago under a cloud of mystery, and whose wrongs I then swore to avenge."

"How long have you known this—that my Mrs. Bertram and your sister were one and the same person?"

"Only since I came to Stillmington to see the little girl."

"Then this explains her emotion that night. Thank God! Dear old Lucius—and now, as you love her, as you love me, your friend and companion in the days of our youth—use your influence with her, persuade her to abandon all memory of that villain, to blot him out of her life as if he had never been."

"I have tried that already, and failed. I thought your love might accomplish what my arguments could not achieve. I fear the case is hopeless. But my duty as a brother remains, to find the man, if possible, and ascertain for myself whether the marriage was legal or not. He may have told Janet that story of another wife out of pure malice."

CHAPTER XV.

THE BEGINNING OF A MYSTERY.

Lucius had a long interview with Mrs. Bertram on the following morning, and he and Geoffrey left Stillmington together in the afternoon, to the despair of the proprietor of the family hotel, who had not had such a customer as Mr. Hossack for many years, not even in that halcyon period which he spoke of fondly as "our 'untin' season." They travelled to London by the same express-train, having a long and friendly talk on the way, Geoffrey en route for Christmas, to shoot grouse among the Norwegian hills, and if it were possible in some measure to stifle the pangs of hopeless love in the keen joys of the sportsman; Lucius to return to the beaten round of a parish doctor's life, brightened only by those happy hours which he spent in the old house with Lucille.

It was too late to visit Cedar House on the evening of his return from Stillmington, so Lucius and Geoffrey dined, or supped, together at the Cosmopolitan, and had, what the latter called, "a gaudy night," a night of prolonged and

confidential talk rather than of deep drinking, however, for Lucius was the most temperate of men, and with Geoffrey pleasure never meant dissipation. They talked of the future, and hope kindled in Geoffrey's breast as they talked. Not always would Fate be inexorable; not always would the woman he loved steel herself against his prayers.

"I could hardly bear my life if it were not for one fond hope," he said; "and even that is perhaps a delusion. I believe that she loves me."

"I know she does," replied Lucius, and the two men grasped hands across the table.

"She has told you!" cried Geoffrey, rapture gleaming in his honest face.

"She has told me. Yes, Geoffrey, a love such as yours deserves some recompense. My sister confessed that you had made yourself only too dear to her; that but for the tie which she deems binding until death she would have been proud to become your wife."

"God bless her! Yes, I have been buoyed up by the belief in her love, and that will sustain me still. Did she tell you nothing of that wretch—her husband—nothing that may serve as a clue for you to hunt him down?"

"Very little, or very little more than I already knew. She gave me a detailed description of the man; but she possesses no likeness of him, so even that poor clue is wanting. The name he bore was doubtless an assumed one, therefore that can help us little. But the strangest part of all this strange story is—"

"What, Lucius?"

"That the description of this man, Vandeleur—that was the name under which he married my sister—tallies in many respects with the description of another man whose fate I have pledged myself to discover; a man who had the same genius for music, and was as complete a scoundrel."

Hereupon Lucius told his friend the story of his engagement to Lucille Sivewright and the condition attached to its fulfilment, to which Geoffrey lent an attentive ear.

"You say this man sailed for Spanish America in the year '53. Your sister was married in '58. How, then, can you suppose that Lucille's father and the man calling himself Vandeleur are one and the same person?"

"There would have been ample time for Sivewright to have grown tired of America between '53 and '58."

"So there might. Yet it seems altogether gratuitous to suppose any identity between the two men. Musical genius is not so exceptional a quality, nor is scoundrelism the most uncommon of attributes to be found among the varieties of mankind."

They discussed the subject at length in all its bearings. It was a relief to Lucius to unburden his mind to the friend he loved and trusted; the chosen companion of so many adventures; the man whose shrewd sense he had never found wanting in the hour of difficulty. They talked long and late, and Lucius slept at the Cosmopolitan, and returned to the Shadrack district at an hour when the domestics of that popular hotel were only just opening their weary eyelids on the summer morning.

To be continued.

AMONG WILD BEASTS.

My friend Sparrowshot is one of the most delightful and one of the most inconsequential of human beings. Therefore it was that, as we sat at breakfast the other day in his airy upper chambers in Raymond-buildings, with three young rooks balancing themselves on the long green bough that waved close to the window, I was not surprised when he suddenly ceased singing a snatch from *Les Brigands*, and said:

"I should like to see a man who has just bought up twenty-four lions at one go."

I said I certainly should like it too.

Sparrowshot was one of the most industrious idle men I know; he is always at your service, and executes more commissions for country friends than any one I ever met. I firmly believe that if you went in now and found him in the agonies of devilling for the Tichborne case, he would leave it all if you proposed it, and at once start on an expedition to go and chop up the North Pole for firewood to keep down the present enormous price of coal. But then, on the other hand, the odds are that before you got him to the North Cape, he would be led off by some passing acquaintance to accompany the enterprising aeronaut, who, with a one-horse steam-engine, is about to raise the wind by defying the Atlantic breezes. His mind is so mercurial, that it begins falling before it is well done rising, and it flies off so quickly at a tangent that his sentences seldom seem to reach their journey's end.

"You've heard," he said, suddenly emerging in shirt-sleeves from the inner room, into which he had a moment before retired to dress, working away, for his life, at his scrubby reddish hair with two enormous brushes, "you've heard, old boy, of the party who ordered two monkeys from Brazil, and the agent mistook the figures, and sent two thousand?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"Well, that party was a fool to Dan'll, whom we're going to see; he would not have been bothered by suddenly receiving two thousand monkeys; Lord bless you, he would have been delighted. Where has that old idiot of a laundress put my boots? I've told her twenty—Why, when I first called on him, he'd how many

paroquets do you think just come from Australia?"

I mildly guessed a dozen.

"A dozen! five hundred and twenty-two. What do you say to buying a rhinoceros for your uncle, the old party who said he thought my tobacco rather strong? 'Strong,' said I, 'I rather flatter myself it is, for I always steep it for three weeks in brandy and gunpowder.' How he warned you about me afterwards! I'll kill that boy when he comes." (Clerk one hour behind time.) "I'll leave a torpedo in his desk, with an half-hour fuse—see if I don't."

"And where is this ark?"

"Why, in Ratcliff Highway, of course, to be near the shipping. What do you think was Dan'll's consignment the last time I went there to buy an elephant for my friend Slocum at the Salisbury Zoological?"

I could hardly guess, so I did not.

Sparrowshot totted it off on his fingers, the water dripping down his face, for he had just raised it from the washing-basin, and looked like a water god just landed.

"Three elephants, five boa constrictors, six Guinea baboons."

"That's cheap for a poor relation."

"Get out with you! Six Guinea baboons, ten alligators, twenty prairie dogs, ten rattlesnakes, fourteen cockatoos, twelve tigers—or were there eleven tigers, hang me if I—Now where the deuce is that collar?"

I did not venture to suggest the completion of the Dan'll catalogue; but I thought it right to suggest that Sparrowshot had been talking in my presence the night before of a consultation that afternoon in the case of Goodson versus Chattebury, which Sparrowshot was devilling for that eminent Q.C., Bothrem.

"Oh, let 'em wait. I'm not going to lose a day like this grubbing over the Chattebury pedigrees, and the right of turbary on Chattebury goose green. I've worked quite enough over that case, and all I got is a snubbing from Bothrem, because I did not remember how many nephews an old Chattebury of Queen Anne's reign had. I'd sooner spend a night in Dan'll's menagerie than get wigged again by old Bothrem. Just write a card, and put on the door, 'Important business—back to-morrow.'"

I believe that Sparrowshot was just that sort of fellow, that if he had had five hundred pounds in his pocket, and Dan'll had tempted him with an elephant newly imported, and recommended him as a serviceable article "for single or double harness," Sparrowshot would have closed with him at once, and gone off delighted with the bargain.

We were soon on our way to the distant region beyond the Tower where Dan'll and his twenty-four lions resided. On the way Sparrowshot discoursed much of a naturalist friend of his, one Strongitharm, according to Sparrowshot's account one of the most delightful and most eccentric enthusiasts of science, and certainly one of the most athletic.

"But it's no joke staying down at Strongitharm's," said Sparrowshot, with sudden gravity. "I've seen his little girl in bed with a snake round her neck and two monkeys on the counterpane. When my governor was living near town, down in Hertfordshire, the beggar was always sending us queer things to take care of, till we got the house choke-full, and the governor grew rusty. I remember at one time we had two large white rats, a badger that eat up half the furniture, and a monkey that bit every one. He then sent us a tame cobra, but the governor could not stand that, and there was a regular row."

A clear bowl over the smooth asphalt of Cheapside, a flutter of green at the corner of Wood-street, a glimpse of stately Bow, and we were in Eastcheap, a narrow defile with bales descending into waggons, a block of carts, and the four pinnacles of the White Tower rising before us. A rattle of wheels, more mountainous warehouses, and we were in the amphibious world beyond the Mint.

"Here we are," said Sparrowshot, suddenly, as the cab stopped with a jerk, and leaping out, was hurrying into the ark when the cabman with a "Hi!" suggested payment.

Our cabman strongly objected to Sparrowshot's theory of the distance from Raymond-buildings to Ratcliff Highway, and on eventually accepting his fare under protest, muttered something, and drove sullenly away.

"There's a beggar," said Sparrowshot. "But here, come along, here's the ark, and a pretty happy family you'll see in it—but what are these young covies looking at?"

There were half a dozen street urchins lying flat on their stomachs near Dan'll's cellar rails, and looking in with all their eyes.

"What's up, you boys?" said Sparrowshot, paternally.

"Why, it's a lot of young halligators just brought in, mister; there's one by the window there in a box, you can see his tail. He's a venomous one, I know, ain't he, Bill?" said the spokesman of the party.

"I don't want to make you nervous, old boy," said Sparrowshot, as we looked in at Dan'll's windows, "but Dan'll keeps his wild beasts in very rickety cages, so look out. I never go upstairs there but I expect to meet a tiger on the first-floor landing, and a boa constrictor winding round the bannisters. He doesn't care what the creature is; I believe if he had his own way he'd keep them all loose."

"A nice republic there would be then," said I.

"I believe you," said Sparrowshot. "There was a fire close by Dan'll's yard, a house or two up, and I believe the way the tigers howled,

and the hyenas laughed, and the monkeys screamed, was something not heard every day; but luckily none escaped, or we might have heard of a lion's eating a policeman or a fireman or two, and have had a tiger-hunt in Wapping."

We found the long, low-roofed shop littered with cages and packing-cases, and full, as the magician's room in the Arabian Night's story, of cockatoos, polecats, love-birds, and other pleasant and unpleasant creatures.

We found Jam, alias Dan'll, the head magician, in a little back room, wrapped in a dingy dressing-gown, a German smoking-cap adorning his head. There were birds and beasts all round him, and a clothes-basket covered by a rug on one side of him. He had just received an order for six pumas and two caméléopards, and was giving directions to a piratical-looking workman whom he was perhaps ordering off to Africa at a moment's notice to scour jungle and desert.

"Well, Jam," said Sparrowshot, "and how's the world going with you?"

"Oh, round, round," replied the magician, in a strong foreign dialect.

"Just brought a friend to see you."

"Quite welcome," said the magician, waving his smoking-cap and pointing generally round with his pipe, "but stock rather short just now—sent off our last lion yesterday."

Just at that moment the rug lifted off the wall a basket at Noah's feet, and out stretched two red hairy arms and a round head covered with soft thin red hair. It was a young orang-outang from Sumatra, and as we looked it drew the rug half over itself again in a sly cross way, and peeped out with cunning, frightened, yet malicious eyes.

"Take care of him," said Dan'll, "he bit a man badly yesterday."

"By Jove, did he though," said Sparrowshot, looking at our poor relation as if he were a barrel of gunpowder; "you ought to warn a fellow, Jam, you know."

Jam laughed gravely at this, as if the idea of Sparrowshot being bitten by his young protégé was the most exquisite of practical jokes.

"Ah! ah!" said he, like one of those Dutch goblins whom Rip Van Winkle revelled with on the Catskill Mountains, "you should see one of my fellows handle a basketful of cobras; why you ain't afraid of a rang-etang? he'll be as tame as a child in a week."

"Isn't it true, Jam, that you once had four-and-twenty lions at the same time?" said Sparrowshot, examining a seedy-looking, disreputable vulture, who blinked at him from inside a very dirty cage.

"Vy, who told you so?"

"Who told me? why Harry."

"Very well then, Harry ought to know. I can't keep all these things in my head. I know very well that there have been times when I should have been glad of fifty."

Harry, a short, swarthy, nautical, I may say piratical sort of person in a red shirt, here came up and asked the great magician whether he should take the gentlemen down into the cellars to see a lot of young alligators "wot" had just arrived.

The magician expressing a certain gloomy approval as he scratched a black cockatoo's head, we descended some dark stairs to a sort of smuggler's cellar, where, after clambering over an alpine region of packing-cases, we reached a clear space by the window, where in long barrel boxes the alligators were placed. The boxes seemed full of some bossy India-rubber substance, but on Harry stirring them up, the masses began to undulate and snort with suppressed rage and vexation.

"Why, they can't feed shut up like that," said I.

"Oh, they won't eat," said Harry, "nor will the snakes, not one in a dozen; but if they keep alive three months that pays their expenses for showing, and then they can be stuffed."

"Poor beggars," said Sparrowshot.

"Precious wishous, that's what they is," said Harry, "and they've got teeth enough to stock a dentist, and yet you can't get 'em to eat no how. It's their temper, I s'pose."

"Enough to put out any one's temper being boxed up like that," thought I.

Harry now proposing to show us the "governor's" museum, we reascended the stairs and ascended to the rooms above the shop. They were old rooms, with all the dusty furniture of the last occupant still there—dusty sofas, grimy mirrors, and dingy carpets like a Dirty Dick's of twenty years ago.

"I've just come from Bombay," said Harry, in reply to Sparrowshot's inquiry as to what he had been up to lately; "and am off next Tuesday to Cape of Good Hope to pick up one or two things for the gumnor," and here he struck a gong spitefully.

We had now got into a sort of gallery hung with South Sea weapons.

"Take care of them arrows," he said; "they're every one pisened; you see that red mark on the club, that's human blood—bought that yesterday. The sailors bring everything here. You see this club," (pointing to a huge semicircular flat hatchet of wood), "they takes off heads with that."

At spare moments Harry drew a sword or struck a gong just to keep his hand in as the governor's showman.

We proposed to go and see the animals which Jam keeps in various stables and yards in adjoining streets. We might, perhaps, pick up a lion cheap, or find a bargain in a knot of boa constrictors. We found Jam still in the back parlor, nursing that prematurely old young

man, the "rang-etang," who seemed to regard his master with anything but filial regard.

Harry threw open the yard door.

"Our stock's very low just now, gents. I must apologise to you for our last lion being sold two days ago; but we've one or two choice things." Here he pointed to some rickety dens with rather insecure bars that stood round the yard, which, by the way, a sensitive nose would have found "rather high." "Here's a black panther—rather scarce. Savage? I believe you; eat you without salt if he could get at you."

"Any bears?"

"Not a mortal one. Hyenas, leopards, vultures, Barbary rats, wolves, but ne'er a bear; not much asked for just now."

"By Jove! what a brute," observed Sparrowshot, as he poked the black panther with his umbrella, and it retreated sullenly, hissing spitefully, with closed teeth, like a mad cat, its eye-balls reddening slightly as the blood mounted to its head.

Above it were two leopards, agile and cruel; beautifully marked, and every motion instinct with a certain diabolical grace. Swift on an Indian pitcher-carrier I think I can see them dart, and my imagination can almost call up the screams through the jungle which mark where they drag the body, and the spotted cubs gambol and rejoice to see the mangled and bleeding prey!

"I'd buy that lot, Harry," said Sparrowshot, who assumed the air of a purchaser of vast wealth, "if I knew where to keep 'em, but they wouldn't do in Grey's Inn, eh?" This to me.

I expressed an opinion that they scarcely would, unless occasionally fed with an old Q. C.

"No ostriches, I suppose, Harry; no caméléopards?"

"Not a shadow of one."

"I was afraid not," said Sparrowshot, in a mortified way, as much as to say, if there had been, then I'd have been the man for you. He had been rather distant with me ever since the chloroformed tiger story in the uncertain presidency. The beauty of some mouse-deer from Ceylon, however, made him relax a little.

"Did you ever see such dainty little beggars?" he exclaimed, turning back to insult the black panther for the last time.

They certainly were beauties.

"Sparrowshot," said I, grasping his arm, "are you prepared to go all naked to the ravens shark?"

"Not if I know it, old boy," was the not unnatural reply.

"Very well, then, push on. Here's some white peacocks fit to draw the car of Juno—of Juno? nay, of Venus."

"By George! look at these spoonbills," cried Sparrowshot, from a rival cage. "Did you ever see such queer beggars in your life? There's a bill for picking up peas. I used to think fish the queerest beggars ever made; but 'pon my word, when you look at the toucan's nose and the—By-the-bye, what time is it by your tucker?"

"Only fancy those white peacocks," said I, reverting to the cage of those beautiful birds, looking like brides in a state of metamorphosis, with emerald eyes in their tails, and golden crests."

"Ah! you always want to embroider nature," said Sparrowshot, sarcastically, "and if you had your emerald tails, then you'd want opal eyes. There is no satisfying you."

"Last year," broke in Harry, who did not choose to remain in the background, and who evidently thought my peacock suggestion an absurdity, "when we was going through the Straits of Madagascar with some three dozen monkeys for the gumnor—"

"Have you got any kangaroos to show us, Harry?" said Sparrowshot.

"Well, we're just out of kangaroos now," said Harry, apologetically, "but we expect some in at the docks every day. They go so very vast, kangaroos does."

In nearly every shed in the yard, unattended by wild beasts, into which I peeped, I saw rats peering about for provender, and darting back through small corner holes almost before I could well see them.

"Ah!" says Harry, "there's an uncommon lot of rats here; they come after the animals' vittals; but they make a mistake sometimes with the vultures, and have to pay entrance fees pretty heavily."

Stopping to look at a large falcon, the very acme of cruelty and grace, we passed out of the yard into a large stable surrounded by cages and barred boxes.

"This hanimal," said Harry, pointing to an old forlorn-looking monkey, with one side paralysed, "this hanimal's mind's gone; he don't observe anything. It's not worth much, but the gumnor doesn't like to kill him, as he's been with us a long time, and we've got accustomed to him like."

The monkey had exactly the expression I have seen in human beings under the same double affliction. He looked at us with a vacant, stunned, suffering expression, as if he had been struck a blow and was expecting another. Our poor relation, indeed, presented a woe-begone helplessness that even the hardest heart must have pitied.

"A black fellow in Bonny River told me," said Harry, "that the devil made monkeys as a caricature of man, and that after that he made the nigger; but the nigger turned out so ugly that the old gentleman struck him in the face, and that flattened his nose, turned his face black, and curled his hair."

"Well done, Harry, that's not bad for Harry; but he's evidently not read Darwin, or he'd

have more respect for his great-great-grand-father."

"Here's a mongooze," said Harry, rousing an animal out of the back of a long dark box; "one of the prettiest things to make a pet of. Kills snakes before you can say Jack Robinson, and never gets bitten to speak of. There's a law against taking them out of the country, so we has to smuggle them, or we should pretty soon get pepper, as my mate here will tell you."

The mate, a rough-looking fellow, who was cleaning out a cage, granted assent, as much as to say, "Oh, you go on with your patter. I shan't get any fees out of the gentry coves. I haven't got the gift of the gab. I haven't, and I don't want to have. Patter away; the more lies you tell, the more they'll like you. I've got a job here, and I'm going to do it. Patter away!"

Harry now proposed an ascent into a loft, where he had some young boa constrictors to show us, and up we went.

"We had a fire near here," he said, "a month or two ago, and you should have seen the animals. We happened to have twenty lions or so in stock, and an elephant, and two or three tigers. We've been nearly cleared out since that. I never did hear such a noise in my born days; it would have frightened you gents who isn't used to it; monkeys screaming, lions roaring, tigers trying to break loose, paroquets (we'd got a room full of them) squalling. I tell you I wasn't sorry when things got a bit quieter, for I thought at one time they were all going stark staring mad together. It reminded me of a mutiny of coolies I once saw in coming back from Valparaiso. Our cages are rather old, too, some of them, and if they had given way—well, I shouldn't be here now, gents, a talking to you."

"I quite agree with you there," said Sparrowshot.

"Yours is rather a risky occupation," said I. "Well," said Harry, wiping his forehead with a red strip of handkerchief, which he took out of his cap; "but you see habit is second nature. Jim."

Here he shouted down stairs.

"Come up, Jim, and give us a hand with these 'ere snakes, to show the gentlemen."

Jim shambled up, grumbling under his breath, and dragging out a huge chest, opened it, dived his hand among the blankets, and drew out two great spotted cables of snakes, holding their heads just below the air-gills, as gamekeepers hold ferrets, as I perhaps unjustly thought to convey an impression of the danger of their bite.

"You see," said Harry, "there's a steady demand for these 'ere snakes in the travelling-shows. They must have 'em, whatever the price is, because country people who've never seen anything larger than a blind-worm, or a stray hadder or so, open their eyes at big fellows like these, and go home and tell everybody to go and see 'em. They'd put a nice grip on a fellow, even these young 'uns would, if they had a chance."

As he said this, Harry flung the great slimy black and yellow coils back into the box, and slammed down the chest as if it had been Pandora's casket, and all the blessings of the gods were escaping.

"How long are you going to stand there, staring at that fool of a spoonbill?" said Sparrowshot. "It's time we were off."

We "backsheeshed" the men, left Harry in the light of Benin with a cargo of cassowaries who wouldn't take kindly to their food, and started for a walk to Stepney to get an appetite for our fish dinner.

THREE LETTERS,

PORTRAYING THE RISE, PROGRESS, AND FALL OF THE CELEBRATED CANTEN ASSURANCE SOCIETY—BY THE PRESIDENT THEREOF—THE RISE OF THE CANTEN ASSOCIATION—NO. 1.

BOURBONVILLE, Ill., August 25, 1873.

Labor may be Heaven's first law, but it ain't mine, nor my second, neither. I hev labored in my day, but it was only when all other means of obtainin one meal and twenty drinks per diem had failed; and those periods have been to me the bitterest recollections of an eventful life. And with the memories of them dark days still ranklin within me, how terrible was my feelins when Elias Bustard, the keeper of the only grocery at Bourbonville, notified me, in the most peremptory manner, that henceforth and forever, I could hev neither crackers nor whiskey at his bar, without money, or, at least, putting up something that he could, in time, turn into money.

But, thank Heaven, Bustard can't chain lightning, nor can he fetter intellect—mind is, and always has been, superior to matter. I hev found a way not only to beat Bustard, but to evenhooally rooin him, which I shall remorselessly do. It's a big thing in this world to do all the business; it's a bigger thing to rooin and blast your opponents.

I got my idea by chance. When Bustard declined to give me my regular nip, I sot pensively on the table in front of his bar, and to calm my perturbed soul until I could determine on something, I picked up a Life Insurance pamphlet, and mechanically dropped my beamin eyes onto its pages. It was an advertisement of a skeem called the Tontine Plan. I read it, and shrieked "Eureka." "Now," sed I to myself, "tremble, Bustard."

It appeared, from this, that a number of men clubbed together, and put in a pool so much money each, every year, and never took nothing

out, ceptin at stated periods, say every ten years. Those who died inside of that time, and those who, for any reason, got tired of payin, did not hev any claim watever on what was in the pool, the whole of it being divided up among those who held out faithful to the end.

I said to myself, what can be done in New York, in a marble palace, can be done in Bourbonville, in a slab-shanty, and done on the same equitable system. And who knows but what, with such a promising plan, the slab-shanty may grow into a marble palace. This soil is as good for mushrooms as that further East. I determined to start a Tontine grocery.

The first thing was a name; and to the end that its objects might be understood by everybody, I called it the Canteen grocery.

I called on three of Bustard's customers, who was in the same fix I was in, and developed the skeem to them, to which they assented, remarking, philosophically, that they'd go into it anyhow, as they had everythin to make and nothin to lose.

We organized by electing the following officers:

President—Samuel Sharkey.

Treasurer—Jems Pettibone.

Secretary—Aleck Billson.

Consulting Actuary—

"What in thunder's a Consulting Actooary?" asks Billson.

"A Consulting Actooary, my child," said I, beamin onto him, pityinly, "is a gentleman employed by insurance companies, who has gone into figgers as far as the rule of three, and whose principal dooty is to make up tables showing that the company he works for is solvent, and to certify that any new plan submitted to him is a good thing, and to wonder that it was never diskivered before. We must hev a Consulting Actooary—every well-regulated insurance company has one. We can't keep house without a Consulting Actooary."

It bothered us somewhat to find the man, but finally Sam Billson, Aleck's brother, was chosen, as he knowd the multiplication table. Our organization complete, we issued our prospectus.

We stated that a Canteen grocery was a purely benevolent project to give its members an opportunity to provide in their youth for a sure supply of likker in their old age. Members were required to contribute twenty-five cents a week, which would be expended joodishously, but firmly, in new corn-whiskey, at the lowest cash price. This whiskey should be put into the Canteen barrel, and there stay for a month. At the expiration of a month the likker is divided among the survivin' members.

The ignorant populus hed some trouble to understand how they was to be benefited by this process, but I made it clear to them. In the first place, half of our original members will either die or get tired, and resign before the month is up, and the shares of sich become the property of them who stick. In other life insurances the death of a member is agin the company; in the Canteen plan it's in the company's favor. A zealous Canteen President ought really to go out and kill enough members each month to make a big divy at the end of a Canteen period. Second, new whiskey improves and strengthens with age. A barrel of new whiskey will stand four buckets of water every month, thus largely increasing its volume. Then the likker is bought at eighty cents a gallon, which is cheaper than by the single drink. There is sixty-four drinks in a gallon for which, at Bustard's price, five cents, you pay \$3. I figgered it this way. (I ought to have been Consulting Actooary.) For convenience, we put the price at \$1 a gallon.

100 members, paying twenty-five cents per week, will give money enough in a month to buy one gallon each, aggregatin 100 galls.

Add four gallons uv water a month to each barrel uv forty-four gallons . . . 10 galls.

Total likker on hand as found at end of Canteen period 110 galls.

There is about 64 average drinks in a gallon—this 110 gallons makes, therefore, 7,040 drinks, which, at Bustard's would cost \$352.

But the advantage don't end here. It is safe to estimate that, of the number who were in originally, one-half of them will drop out, wich redooes the membership to 50; and at the expiration of the first Canteen period, the account would leave 110 gallons to be divided among fifty members, who had paid only \$1 each, giving each one of 'em nearly 2½ gallons.

For obvious reasons, I didn't say anything about rent uv offices, salaries uv officers, committees, and so on, for the time hedn't come for that.

The idea took gloriously. We put a board, which we lettered: "Depository uv the Canteen Association," and before night we had one hundred members, each of whom had chucked in his quarter, and was regularly enrolled as a member.

This gives us a fund of twenty-five dollars to start on, and we held a meeting to determine as to our mode of operation. There was a great deal to do. In the first place, we hedn't determined as to what we was entitled to for commissions on the policies; then came a question as to who was to go to Cincinnati to buy the liquor, and as to what brokerage was to be paid whoever was selected; and then, finally, we hed to determine wut salaries was to be paid the officers.

This we shall do to-morrow. But the Canteen Association of Bourbonville is a fixed fact. It is in good runnin order. We shall all start out to get new members, so that the flow of money shall be kept up regular and uninterrupted.

SAM'L SHARKEY.

A MIDSUMMER IDYL.

BY D. W. BROWNELL.

Within the shade by willows made,
In softest summer weather,
We sat beside the rippling tide—
My love and I together.

Through clouds of white, with softened light,
The harvest moonbeams shimmered;
And on the stream a silvery beam
With diamond lustre glimmered.

The summer breeze, from fragrant trees,
Delicious odors brought us;
While sounds from o'er the farther shore
In blended sweetness sought us.

And so we, too,—as in us grew
The sense of peace so gentle—
Attuned our song to Nature's throng,
Beneath the evening's mantle.

We talked not much, but the soft touch
Of hands, and eyes oft meeting,
Told more by far than words declare,
As heart to heart gave greeting.

Then midnight came, we loitered home,—
Like brother now and sister,
"To cheat surprise and prying eyes"
Till at the gate I kissed her.

A Romance in a Nut-Shell.

BY K. KEMBLE.

A. Berton? Who can she be? Surely I ought to remember her, since she seems to recollect me so well; for it is an awkward thing, this, to get a letter from a lady, written in a familiar sort of way, talking of "old times" and "years ago," asking my advice, and wanting me to go and see her, and I unable to remember.

By the bye, I suppose it is a lady. Let me look again at the letter; yes, it must be. The handwriting is certainly not a man's, neither is the composition. Listen to this for instance: "I am emboldened to write to you on the strength of old times, and because, if you are as kind-hearted, generous, and indulgent as you used to be, you will readily forgive an old friend, whose recollections of you are so happy and so pleasant. Do you remember the time we spent at that most primitive of all villages? how you taught me German when we rambled on the sea-shore? I often think of those days, and how kind you were to me."

That sounds very nice; but I don't recollect anything about it. When did I ever ramble on the sea-shore on a summer's evening, teaching a young lady German? Young lady, did I say? Well, of course, it must have been a young lady. I wonder what she was like—tall or short, dark or fair? What was her name, too? She signs herself, "A. Berton." Let me see, what names begin with A—Annie, Arabella, Alice, Alice, Adele—ah, wait—I have some faint notion of some one, very long ago—twenty years, and perhaps more, and I think she was called Adele—Adele Berton; yes, that sounds like a name I have heard before. But where did I see her? Primitive village, sea-shore, and I a young fellow of one or two and twenty? Yes—I have it; surely I went to Vignelles once, when it was nothing but a collection of fishing huts, long before it became a fashionable watering-place? Of course I did, and it was there I saw Adele Berton. How could I be so stupid as to forget it? How could I forget Adele? Who was she? Why, simply the loveliest girl I ever saw. I wonder what she is like now. Describe her to you? tell you all about it? With pleasure, as far as I can, only let me collect my thoughts a little, and think how it all came about—it was so long ago. Yes, I begin to recollect now; I dare say it will come back to me as I tell you. Shall I begin at the beginning?

It must have been at least twenty years ago that I received a letter from a friend, asking me to join him in Algiers, where he had gone for his health, and giving me such a description of the place as he thought would tickle my artistic fancy. I did not care much about going, but I wanted a change; so I wrote and told him that perhaps I would come; and I did actually set out, and got as far as Calais. There I ran against an old acquaintance, who persuaded me to remain a day or two, and there, as Calais and Algiers were equally indifferent to me, I came to a halt at the commencement of my journey.

Eventually I might perhaps have gone on, if I had not taken a long walk to a charming unsophisticated little village, called Vignelles, buried in a valley close to the sea-shore. Everything was so picturesque that I immediately said to myself, "This is a thousand times better than Algiers or Calais, and here I'll stay."

I had been walking nearly all day, and was hot, tired, and dusty, and the place seemed intensely inviting. As it was nothing but a cluster of fishing-cottages, it seemed to offer, but small chance of accommodation; but luckily I did succeed in making arrangements for bed and board in one of them, and the next week found me quite settled down as an amateur fisherman in the most rustic and patriarchal little spot you ever saw.

I have seldom seen handsomer women than

the fish-girls of Vignelles, with their broad, full chests and muscular limbs, bright black eyes and thick wayward hair, to say nothing of their rich brown complexions and glowing cheeks, that would have shamed many a young lady whose hands have never touched anything rougher than silk, and whose notion of work is crochet or Berlin wool.

I had spent two or three weeks at Vignelles, and was fast becoming accustomed to its rough, almost savage life, when fortunately I made acquaintance with a brother artist, who, though much older than myself, was most sympathetic in taste and feeling, and with whom I quickly became friends. Unluckily, he did not live in Vignelles, but about two miles distant, in a solitary little house on the cliff, commanding, however, a view of the sea.

It was there I first saw Adele. She was his only child, and the idol of his heart. I seem to see her now, as I saw her then for the first time. I thought her the most beautiful girl upon the face of the earth. I can't tell you the color of her hair and eyes, for they were a mystery to me. I think her eyes must have been brown, but they often looked quite black—as black as her eyebrows and eyelashes; and as for her hair, it was all shades of gold, red, russet-brown, and black. I really do not recollect about her features, except that they were beautiful; nor how tall she was, except that I was taller; nor whether she was plump or thin, but only that she was perfect. She was perfect, too, in disposition, as amiable and unselfish as she was lovely. She was clever, too, without being highly accomplished. She used to sing to us of an evening, in her sweet girlish voice, quaint old ditties or simple ballads; she could draw and paint, cook a little, row a boat—in fact, do almost anything. She helped her mother in the house, and yet was her father's constant companion. She was always thinking for others—never for herself—and was withal as light-hearted and blithesome as a girl of sixteen or seventeen ought to be.

She was friends with me at once, and before many days were over, it seemed to be a settled thing that the little house on the cliff was open to me—I was free to come and go as I pleased. The days glided away very quickly. Six weeks or two months had passed, and at the end of that time I was obliged to acknowledge to myself that I had done a very foolish thing. I had fallen terribly in love with Adele.

It was a very foolish thing, for I was poor and entirely dependent on my own exertions, and at that time my professional talents were by no means appreciated. Monsieur Berton was I knew, far from rich, and Adele was little more than a child. Still, the fact remained, and I was helpless to extricate myself.

The worst of it was that, she herself seemed quite unconscious of it, and by her very innocence only made matters worse. During all this time we had grown very intimate, and it seemed quite natural that we should be together nearly all day; neither Monsieur nor Madame Berton made any objection, but allowed us to walk and talk as much as we pleased. I suppose they completely trusted Adele—as Adele completely trusted me; indeed, I very soon discovered this, partly from her manner, partly through intuition. She would talk to me quite openly, and even confidingly, asking my advice and opinion on various subjects, and she treated me with a familiarity that showed her unsuspicion by its very openness. Of course, I treated her in the same way. I could not do otherwise. To have been formal or indifferent was impossible; to have ventured to make love to her would have seemed to me like abusing a privilege and betraying a trust. I am very glad now to think that I never allowed myself to say anything to her that from our intimacy was not perfectly excusable.

In the meantime the days passed on, and I grew more and more in love with her. I felt that something ought to follow. But what? Of course, the wisest thing I could have done was to go immediately away; but that was far easier said than done. The fascination was too strong for me. I could not resolve to voluntarily say good-by to Adele. I seemed to see her sweet face looking up sorrowfully and pleadingly into mine, and to hear her soft musical voice, as she begged me to stay, even for a little longer. "No, no," said I to myself. "I can't go—at least, not just yet." So I stayed on, and put off the evil day, and gave myself up entirely to the pleasure of Adele's society. How long this might have lasted it is impossible to say, if suddenly the end had not come.

This was how it was. One morning I went as usual to the Bertons. I found nobody in the garden, so I pushed open the door of the house and went in. All was silent, there was no trace of any one. This was very unusual; Monsieur Berton was generally in the garden, and Madame Berton or Adele in the little room dignified by the name of parlor. I was puzzled, and was just going to call out when I remembered a little back room which Madame Berton sometimes used as a work-room. I looked in, and saw Adele lying huddled up on the couch, weeping bitterly. I sprang forward, and kneeling by her entreated her to tell me the cause of her grief. At first she only shook her head, and continued to cry; but after a time she grew calmer, and tried to speak.

"Tell me what it is," I urged; "perhaps I can help you; you may trust me, indeed you may."

"I know, I know," answered she; "you are so kind, but in this you can be no help."

"At least, tell me," repeated I—"is your father or mother ill? What is it?"

I placed myself at her side on the sofa, and

stole my arm round her waist. It was an irresistible impulse, but I am glad to remember that she did not notice it, her mind seeming quite absorbed by her trouble. I could not imagine what it was, and certainly never suspected that it would so nearly affect me, so I continued to persuade her to confide in me. "Do not be afraid, Adele; if you only knew how it grieves me to see you so unhappy? Tell me, my—"

I was going to say something much tenderer, when she stopped me by putting both her hands on my shoulders, and said:

"Dear friend, I will tell you, for I know you will pity and be sorry for me, as I should be for you if you were in trouble. My poor Rudolph is very ill, dying perhaps, he prays to see me, and we have not got the money to go to him. He is in Rome, you know, a long way from here, and it would cost a great deal of money to get there. We would sell anything, I would give anything to go to him. Oh! to think he is so far away, dying even, and I helpless here. And I would give the world to see him, to touch him, to hear his voice, only once again before he dies. It is cruel, cruel—I shall go mad. Oh, Rudolph, my dear, dear love!"

She burst into a passion of crying, and starting up, walked up and down the room, wringing her hands piteously.

I sat stupefied, as if I had been struck by a blow. This was the end of my dream; she had no brother; this Rudolph was—well, I had been an idiot.

I don't remember what I said or did after that, but I believe I muttered some sympathizing words and then walked mechanically out of the house, and back to Vignelles. When I got there I examined my little store of money, and deducting only what was absolutely necessary, put the rest in an envelope, and sent it to Monsieur Berton with a few lines of regret that I was suddenly obliged to return to England, and begging him to accept the money as a loan, if he would not do so as a gift, in token of my friendship and sympathy. Then I went straight away from Vignelles without leaving any address, and from that day to this I have heard nothing more of the Bertons. I tried hard to forget Adele, and after a time I succeeded.

But I do wonder if she is as charming now as she was then; let me see, she must be how old? Seventeen and twenty make thirty-seven; and I am forty-two. I suppose that poor fellow Rudolph died, or anyhow she could not have married him, as her name is still Berton. He might have been her cousin, you say, or some other relations of the same name? Very true; but if she is not married, and is as nice as ever, perhaps—well, anyhow, I may as well go and see her. And I did.

It may interest some people to know that she is looking over my shoulder as I write this, and that she thinks no more need be said on the subject.

Travel and Adventure, National Customs, Etc.

THE DEVIL'S CANON.

IN THE CALIFORNIA GEYSER REGION.

There are no spouting fountains in the canon, but numerous bubbling springs, that sink and rise with spasmodic action. These number a hundred or two, and are of varying temperature and constituents. A few are quite cold, closely adjoining hot springs; while others have a temperature of 100 to 207 degrees. Some appear to be composed of alum and iron, others of sulphur and magnesia, while a few are strongly acidulous. Here the water is pale yellow, like that of ordinary white sulphur springs; there it is black as ink. The mingling of these different currents, with the aid of frequent steam injections, intensifies the chemical action, the sputter and fuming, that are incessantly going on. These phenomena are not confined to the narrow bed of the gorge, but extend for a hundred or two feet in places up its side, which slope at a pretty steep angle. These slopes are soft masses of rock decomposed or slackened by chemical action, and colored brilliantly with crystallized sulphur, and sulphates of iron, alum, lime and magnesia, deposited from the springs and jets of steam which are highly charged with them. As the rocks decompose and leach under the chemical action to which they are subjected, the soft silicious mass remaining of a putty-like consistence, mixes with these salts. Some of the heaps thus formed assume conical shapes. They have an apparently firm crust, but are really treacherous stepping-places. One of the most remarkable steam-vents in the canon is in the top of such a pile, fifty feet up the steep slope. It blows like the escape-pipe of a large engine. The beautiful masses of crystallized sulphur which form about it, as about the innumerable small fameroles that occur along both banks, tempt one to dare to climb, and face the hot steam. The mass shakes beneath the tread, and is probably soft to a great depth. Wherever in these soft heaps a stick is thrust in, the escaping warm air soon deposits various salts. Of course a walk over such material is ruinous to boot and shoe leather, while the splash of acid waters often injures the clothing. Everybody stops to gather specimens of the various salts and rocks. The guide presents to be tasted pure Epsom-salts

(sulphate of magnesia), and salts of iron and alum, of soda and ammonia. Few care to taste the waters, however, which rival in their chemical and sanitary qualities all the springs of all the German spas put together. Perhaps the most remarkable of the Geyser springs is that called, happily enough, the Witches' Caldron. This is a black cavernous opening in the solid rock, about seven feet across, and of unknown depth, filled with a thick inky liquid, boiling hot, that tumbles and roars under the pressure of escaping steam, emitting a smell like that of bilge-water, and seems to proceed from some Plutonic reservoir. One irresistibly thinks of the hellbroth in *Macbeth*, so "thick and slab," and repeats the words of the weird sisters:

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and caldron bubble."

A clever photographer, Mr. Muybridge, conceived the idea of grouping three lady visitors about this caldron, with hands linked, and alpenstocks held like magic wands, in which position he photographed them amid the vaporous scene with telling effect. Another notable spot is the Devil's Gristmill, where a large column of steam escapes from a hole in the rock with so much force that stones and sticks laid at the aperture are blown away like bits of paper. The internal noises at this vent truly resemble the working of a gristmill. Milton's hero is sponsor for another spring called the Devil's Inkstand, notable for its black waters, specimens of which are taken off in small vials, and used at the hotel to inscribe the names of guests on the register.

A PERSIAN TOWN.

The appearance of the bazaars at Busheer is squalid in the extreme. The vaulted portions consist here and there of mud bricks, with openings at the top to let in the light—and the rain—most of these arches being constructed of rotten palm branches, with a canvas covering laid over them. The bazaar is narrower than usual in Persia, and is lined with the ordinary little open shops on either side. Their proprietors sit cross-legged on a sort of splash-board (here not inappropriate), and patiently await the decrees of Providence. Sometimes, as we ourselves have occasionally experienced, they prefer saying "That is not for sale" to taking the trouble of getting up and handing the object to the would-be purchaser. Here those shops that were situated in the Burlington-arcade instead of on the shore of the Persian Gulf, would be called "haberdashers' shops," were generally the neatest and best arranged; and the goods displayed therein were almost always of English manufacture. The amount of common wooden matches (warranted to light anywhere, not only "on the box") imported from Vienna and sold in these bazaars is enormous. The tradesmen at Busheer never ask more than six times the amount they mean eventually to take. Some Jews have established commercial relations with Busheer, as indeed they have with most places in the habitable world. One of these, Nazim by name, had a shop outside the bazaar much frequented by the unfortunate European exiles in the place. After the manner of Jews in other parts of the world, he had a collection of the most miscellaneous objects littered about the one room that constituted the shop. Shirts, pocket-books, preserved meats, Cavendish tobacco, cloth, clay pipes, potted anchovies, and old coins, were a few among the various articles in which he dealt. In fact, Nazim sold or bought anything that could be bought or sold. One of the *habitués* took us over to the Jew's private dwelling, a tumble-down old house, entered by a narrow door, in front of which a bit of mud-wall screened the inner court from view; for the harem was on one side of this, and we caught sight of one dirty petticoat. Here we sat down in an upper chamber, and, by way of commencing business, our host forced us to imbibe some strong ginger wine. After this he produced a stock of old coins, and we purchased a few of them, although this is a hazardous venture in Persia, unless the buyer understands the science of numismatics thoroughly which neither of us did. Vast numbers of coins are continually offered for sale to the traveller, and some fifty per cent. of these are well executed counterfeits. The learned, however, in such matters sometimes pick up very curious coins, as yet unknown in Europe. We also purchased a small carpet, for among his other stock-in-trade the Jew—an honest fellow, by the way—sold carpets. In Persia, those without any pile and of the closest texture are the most sought after. These come from Keoman, to the east of Shiraz.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.—Lord Kames, returning from the Northern Circuit to Perth, happened one night to sleep at Dunkeld. The next morning, walking towards the ferry, he perceived that he had missed his way, and asked a man whom he met to direct him. The other answered with much cordiality, "That I will, with all my heart, my lord. Does not your lordship remember me? My name's John—; I have had the honor to be before your lordship for 'stealing sheep.'" "Oh, John, I remember you well; and how is your wife? She had the honor to be before me, too, for receiving them, knowing them to be stolen."—"At your lordship's service. We were very lucky—we got off for want of evidence; and I am still going on in the butcher trade."—"Then," replied his lordship, "we may have the honor of meeting again."

The Ladies' Page.

LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING.

Do you, dear reader, know what "light housekeeping" means? Have you any idea, even a vague one, of the magnificent possibilities of home and comfort conveyed in that mysterious phrase to people whose purses are not plethoric, and yet whose aspirations are all of a superior order, and demand attention and consideration?

To give up and be poor in downright earnest, retire to a cheap boarding house, live on nothing, poorly cooked, go nowhere, and see no one, at the first stroke of ill luck, is to acknowledge yourself inferior to fate, and, if you have no wits, is an insult to your Maker. It don't cost any more to keep up appearances, if you go to work the right way, and that, next to keeping out of debt, is the prime consideration in life; and here is where light housekeeping comes in, and is so exceedingly jolly, nice, comfortable, and eminently respectable. But it isn't every one who knows how to "light housekeep" at first—I have only recently achieved success—and some never do and never will learn, because they are not gifted with perceptive faculties, and fail to see the eternal fitness of mind and matter that tend to genuine home comfort, no matter what the financial condition may be. Cause and effect are away beyond such people, and the idea of attaining happiness in three or four rooms is too severe for contemplation; but hosts of live men and women agree with me, and prefer a home, with all its delightful possibilities, if it is part of a floor in a city mansion; and housekeeping can really be made not only light, but charming and economical. It isn't money so much, or, rather, not so much money, that is requisite as tact and taste and a desire to produce grand results from apparent nothings. It may be in a culinary way, offering the beloved partner of your joys and sorrows an ambrosia, made of ordinary material enough, but flavored with a nameless divine something that makes it very good eating, and calls forth the honest praise that is so dear to the heart of woman, or it may be in exercising your ingenuity and love of the beautiful in making your parlor, which in light housekeeping is dining-room, library and serving-room as well, a very attractive spot, that to the eye of love at least will appear a bower of beauty and the abode of all the human virtues. The easiest and, to my mind, the only way to thoroughly accomplish and enjoy light housekeeping is to take furnished rooms. They are, to be sure, more expensive than unfurnished ones, but there are many compensations, and in the long run will be found to pay. They are generally cared for, more or less scrupulously, as the case may be, and you have no responsibility other than you choose to assume. The maid, of all work is your servant *pro tem*, and yet you are spared the annoyance and expense of regaling inevitable cousins and followers from your small larders. I suggest furnished rooms for another reason, that people addicted to moving periodically will appreciate. You can seldom in the city live more than a year in the same house, unless you are exceptionally and rarely blessed in a permanent landlady—one never rents rooms of a landlord, I notice—and I have yet to find that *rara avis*. I think they are no magic as a race, and prefer a roving life. The burden and anxiety of moving furniture once or twice a year is something fearful to contemplate, independent of the general wreck our household gods undergo. Don't I know to my sorrow and inexpressible grief that some seventy-five or eighty dollars' worth of rare vases that had followed my varied fortunes all over the world were in one fell swoop reduced to food for the ash-barrel at my last move? My sole consolation is that they can never be moved again, and I sha'n't have them to pack in fear and trembling, and this is the only joy I shall ever get now from my "things of beauty" supposed to endure forever.

My movable possessions occupy some six or eight trunks, exclusive of books, pictures, music, and a few scattering bags, baskets, and bundles which are of no earthly use; but I cherish them tenderly, and drag them from pillar to post, because I am a woman, and have a weakness for traps. I can pack up and change my field of action at short notice, though any other pastime is preferable, I admit. I only say I can, and the ability to do so is one of the chief blessings of my present existence.

Furniture is not a good investment unless you are the sole proprietor of a house wherein it is secure from the ruthless hands of carmen, who are veritable destroying angels, and seem to thrive on and enjoy their devastations. But to return to my subject and furnished rooms. Three will suffice for any well-disposed and not too presumptuous couple, and they should be in a private family, in a good, central locality—one that will sound well to mention in genteel circles, and look well on your letters, papers and parcels.

Of course a man and wife must have similar tastes and desires, and be mutually agreed and helpful, or there will be altercations and endless troubles, and three rooms won't be large enough to hold them. No semi-attached couple should undertake this experiment, for there is no getting away from each other; there can be no retreat or private refuge in a *ménage* of three rooms, and the chief requisites of success in this rather novel mode of living are peace and unanimity of opinion. You can't make up your individual mind to a beefsteak dinner, and your stubborn but doubtless better half to one of chops, and both be gratified; for your small

stove—and of course you have a small stove, or you wouldn't be at light housekeeping—has room but for one variety; so one must give up, or there will be no dinner for either that day. Now my better half is not at all stubborn, and, fortunately for him, likes what I do—except a dash of red pepper, to which he does not take as kindly as I could wish—and he allows me to do the providing for our establishment as seemeth to me the best; also the cooking, without making any exasperating allusions to the way his ancestors prepared the same viands; and he always says my results are tip-top. An atom of a stove that would stand on a dinner-plate does our cooking, and we are refreshed and edified with all sorts of good things, served in irreproachable style, and cleanly beyond a doubt. Such truly beatific coffee and oysters, such rare, tender and juicy steaks, such golden brown and fleecy omelettes, such superlative waffles, toast, Welsh rare-bits, etc., as are generated in that tiny machine almost pass belief. I can bake in a tin oven, small but hot, and very much in earnest, and I can broil on a genuine broiler; in short, I have yet to discover the thing I can't do, except roast a pig or a turkey, and I could manage those even, by cooking them in instalments. The outlay for fuel is almost incalculable, though I can safely say it is less than a penny an hour, and can not be deemed a wild extravagance. It is clean, no trouble, and is always ready; so, without more ado than applying a match, I can refresh a hungry friend in a few minutes, and never need have a fire for even quite an elaborate spread. Indeed, I wouldn't and couldn't "do" light housekeeping without this blessedly convenient and inexpensive ally. I won't say what my stove is, because I don't like personal allusions—and, besides, it is bought and paid for, and I couldn't make any thing out of the man now, but I will say this, that a gas stove will do as much, exactly as well, only it is very much more expensive, and entails constant fusses with the best of landladies on the gas question, to say nothing of the vexation and disappointment of finding the supply cut off at mid-day some time when you are famishing for a cup of strong tea.

But aside from pretty home-like rooms, good wholesome food well cooked and tastefully served, and the general economy of the arrangement, there are many other items in favor of light housekeeping; and the steadily increasing popularity of the fashion among our best and most sensible people speaks volumes for it. There is no privacy, no home life, in boarding. You are tied to hours, and the bondage becomes irksome after a while. Your friends come and go, but you have no realizing sense of having entertained them, though your heart may be full of genuine hospitality. You are constantly receiving attentions and favors, and are at a loss how to reciprocate; in short, you want and must have a home of your own, no matter how small, so it is a happy and well-ordered one, where you can welcome your friends, and be comfortable after your own devices; and I, from my own heartfelt experience, suggest as a relief from all these ills a trial of light housekeeping. Where and when the idea of revolutionizing the conventional modes of living originated I can't say, but the times and modern conveniences, and a growing desire for domestic pleasures, have been propitious for its growth, and to-day light housekeeping is an honored institution and an acknowledged success, as hundreds of happy, cosy homes in all parts of the city will testify.

HOMEKEEPING VERSUS HOUSEKEEPING.

The truest homes are often in houses not especially well kept, where the comfort and happiness of the inmates, rather than the preservation of the furniture, is first consulted. The object of home is to be the center, the point of tenderest interest, the pivot on which family life turns. The first requisite is to make it attractive, so attractive that none of its inmates shall care to linger long outside its limits. All legitimate means should be employed to this end, and no effort spared that can contribute to the purpose. Many houses called homes, kept with waxy neatness by painstaking, anxious women, are so oppressive in their nicety as to exclude all home-feeling from their spotless precincts. The very name of home is synonymous with personal freedom and relaxation from care. But neither of these can be felt where such a mania for external cleanliness pervades the household as to render everything else subservient thereto. Many housewives, if they see a speck on floor or wall, or even a scrap of thread or bit of paper on the floor, rush at it, as if it were the seed of pestilence which must be removed on the instant. Their temper depends upon their maintenance of perfect purity and order. If there be any failure on their part, or any combination of circumstances against them, they fall into a pathetic despair, and can hardly be lifted out. They do not see that cheerfulness is more needful to home than all the spotlessness that ever shone. Their disposition to wage war upon maculateness of any sort increases until they become slaves of the broom and dust-pan. Neatness is one thing, and a state of perpetual house-cleaning quite another.

Out of this grows by degrees the feeling that certain things and apartments are too good for daily use. Hence, chairs and sofas are covered, and rooms shut up, save for special occasions, when they are permitted to reveal their violated sacredness in a manner that mars every pretense of hospitality. Nothing should be bought which is considered too fine for the fullest domestic appropriation. Far better is the plainest furniture, on which the children can climb, than

satin and damask which must be viewed with reverence. Where anything is reserved or secluded, to disguise the fact is extremely difficult. A chilly air wraps it round, and the repulsion of strangeness is experienced by the most insensible.

There are few persons who have not visited houses where they have been introduced to what is known as the company parlor. They must remember how uncomfortable they were sitting in it; how they found it almost impossible to be at ease, and mainly for the reason that their host and hostess were not themselves at ease. The children were watched with lynx eyes, lest they should displace or soil something; so that the entertainment of friends became very much like a social discipline. They must recall, too, how sweet the fresh air seemed out-of-doors, and how they inwardly vowed, in leaving that temple of form and fidgetiness, that something more than politeness would be required to incite them to return.

Home is not a name, nor a form, nor a routine. It is a spirit, a presence, a principle. Material and method will not, and cannot make it. It must get its light and sweetness from those who inhabit it, from flowers and sunshine, from the sympathetic natures which, in their exercise of sympathy, can lay aside the tyranny of the broom and the awful duty of endless scrubbing.

FASHION HINTS.

Ruffs and fraises increase in fullness and in altitude until they are almost Elizabethan.

Crêpe lisse is the stylish material for wearing next the skin, but much of its dead whiteness is unbecoming; it is best to put one high side pleating of crêpe lisse, with an over-frill of Valenciennes lace, and outside of this a ruff of the dress material, lined with silk of some becoming shade.

A standing linen collar in English shape, with a double ruffle of box-pleated muslin edged with lace placed outside of it, is considered very stylish for morning and for semi-dress afternoon wear.

A favorite frill is of Swiss muslin three inches deep, edged with narrow Mechlin lace, and an inch-wide insertion let in; the whole is then laid in shallow side-pleats and basted standing in the neck of the dress, leaving the back its full height, and turning it down narrower about the throat.

A simpler ruff is of sheer muslin edged with narrow thread lace, hemmed, and a cluster of tiny tufts below the hem.

This would also answer for mourning if the lace were omitted.

Ladies with fresh, clear complexions wear linen ruffs in their mourning dresses. These have an inch-wide hem turned over on the outside and hem-stitched.

HINTS TO DRESS-MAKERS.

A revers collar in front, with a box-pleated ruff behind, is a stylish way of finishing the neck of basques, and indulges at once both the prevalent caprices for the ruff and the gentleman's coat collar. Basques now have the wide English back formed of four broad pieces of the same width at the waist, and the waist is not defined by buttons. Two cords on the edge of basques are far more stylish than any finish of lace or fringe, though the latter is sometimes placed on the back, while the fronts are plainly corded. Instead of full postilion pleats, plain lappets are sewed in the seams, or else the square jockey basque is laid in pleats that are pressed flatly, and held down by two lengthwise rows of buttons. Sleeveless jackets, especially those of black or dark-colored velvet, will be again fashionable, and are already worn with grenadine and silk dresses, accompanied by sashes of velvet. These velvet basques are tight-fitting, and are more ornamented than the simple ones worn last year. They are sometimes merely scalloped and needle-worked around the armholes and basque edge, and a velvet ruff is invariably added; others are rich with jet galloon, jet fringe, and lace, while a more stylish fancy still is to border them with a band of ostrich feathers; some are gay with colored embroidery. The new blue steel beads are mingled with jet fringes for trimming black silks and velvets. A black velvet revers collar, with a velvet ruff, lined with colored silk, is sold for wearing with various dresses; price \$25. The silk or woollen ruff is now as universal for finishing the neck of dresses as bias bands have been hitherto. Instead of lining this ruff with a color, it is best to have it entirely of the color of the dress, and wear inside a silk ruff of any color that may be becoming, and still another ruff inside this of white muslin, lace, or crêpe lisse.

Beautiful suits for morning, either for house or street, are made of the new dark calicoes. Those with black grounds brightened by a shell or star of yellow or else dark blue with stripes or lightning-struck lines of white, make up most stylishly. They have the double-breasted redingote, belted, with two rows of smooth pearl buttons down the front, and a single skirt with two lapped, gathered flounces.

COCOANUT PUDDING.—Grate a cocoanut, make a custard (two eggs to a pint of milk), sweeten to taste, add a small glass of brandy and a little nutmeg. Stir the cocoanut into this, add a bit of butter size of a hen's egg. Line a shallow dish with puff paste, and bake of a light brown,

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

If persons about to wash new calico, especially black, will first soak it in salt water, it will prevent the color from fading.

SUPERIOR APPLE SAUCE.—To 1 quart sweet cider, 1 pound sugar, 2 pounds sweet apple, cook until soft. This makes a sauce preferable to preserved fruit.

STONE JARS which have become offensive and unfit for use may be rendered perfectly sweet by packing them full of earth and letting them stand two or three weeks.

JUMBLES.—3 eggs, 1½ cups sugar, 1 cup butter, 3 tablespoonfuls sour milk, a little saleratus, flour to mix hard. After it is kneaded and rolled out, sift sugar over the top.

IN removing ink spots from delicate colors, when oxalic acid or chloride of lime cannot be used without injury to the color, a concentrated solution of sodium pyrophosphate is recommended.

CREAM TARTAR BISCUIT.—Sift with 1 quart flour 1 teaspoon soda and 2 teaspoons cream tartar, then add a little salt, 1 well beaten egg, a piece of lard the size of a walnut, and mix with warm water.

BAKED BREAD PUDDING.—Take any kind of cold wheat bread, grate fine and cover with warm milk with a small piece of butter melted in it. Use 1 pint of crumbs to 1 quart of milk, beat three eggs and add them, 1 teacup sugar, and whatever flavoring you wish. Bake quickly in buttered dish.

SUET PUDDING.—Seed and chop fine one large teacupful of raisins; chop one cupful of suet, having removed all the skin; add a cupful of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, a very little salt, three eggs beaten together, and enough flour to make a stiff batter. Steam two hours, and eat with fairy butter or wine sauce.

VEGETABLE MARROW.—This excellent vegetable makes a nice soup, very similar to artichoke soup; it is also good mashed, like turnips, white; or *au gratin*, nicely browned; or cut in rather thin round slices, the seeds taken out, soaked for an hour in rather a thick batter, and then fried. Baked, it is an agreeable change from plain boiling. Take out all the seeds with a large apple scoop (or a bone knitting mesh will do as well), then fill up the cavity with finely-chopped meat, or cold fowl or game, or sausage well-seasoned and mixed with one egg; bake in a pie dish in a moderate oven, and serve with good gravy.

DRY CURRY.—Two and a half large spoonfuls of butter, simmer, and add two or three slices of onion to fry; when the onions are nicely browned take them out, and put in a tablespoonful of curry powder, with an onion chopped, and two or three cloves of garlic; fry for about ten minutes longer, then put in the meat, every now and then throwing in a little cold water to prevent burning. When the meat is tolerably well done add a cupful of water, cold or hot, and simmer gently; when all the water is evaporated and the meat thoroughly cooked, the curry is done. The mixture should be well stirred all the time, or it will stick to the bottom of the pan.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Cut the pumpkin into thin slices, and boil until tender in as little water as possible; watch carefully that it does not scorch; drain off all the water, putting the stew-pan on a warm part of the stove, that it may dry off the moisture, for ten or fifteen minutes. Mash, and rub through a sieve, adding, while warm, a small piece of butter. To every quart of the pumpkin, after mashing, add one quart of new milk and four eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately. White sugar to taste, and cinnamon and nutmeg as desired; a very little brandy is a great improvement. The oven they are baked in must be hot, or they will not brown. It is as well to heat the batter scalding hot before pouring into the pie-dishes.

HOW TO DO UP SHIRT BOSOMS.—We have often heard ladies expressing a desire to know by what process the fine gloss observed on new linens, shirt-bosoms, etc., is produced, and in order to gratify them, we subjoin the following recipe for making gum arabic starch: Take 2 ounces of fine white gum arabic powder, put it into a pitcher and pour on it a pint of boiling water, (according to the degree of strength you desire,) and then, having covered it, let it set all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water stirred into a pint of starch that has been made in this manner will give to lawns (either white or printed) a look of newness when nothing else can restore them after washing. It is also good (much diluted) for thin white muslin and bobinet.

The lane that has no turning.—*Mousseline de laine*.

Some ladies are so economical that they constantly resort to tight lacing to prevent waistfulness.

Ladies are beginning to use colored starch for their ruffs, as did the beauties of the court of good Queen Bess.

A Beloit editor takes it upon himself to say that cows, elephants, and rhinoceroses may run gracefully, but women never.

A North Carolina baby was born with its false hair on, thus establishing the genuineness of the divinity that doth hedge a woman.

The ladies do not like the term "scaloped" applied to the new style of arranging the hair, and have substituted the name "catspaw."

Haverstraw has a female barber, and it's curious how suddenly the honest old citizens, fifty and sixty years old, have put by their razors and fallen in love with a barber's chair.

FATA MORGANA.

[From "Aftermath," Longfellow's new Poem.]

O sweet illusions of Song,
That tempt me everywhere,
In the lonely fields, and the throng
Of the crowded thoroughfare.

I approach and ye vanish away,
I grasp you, and ye are gone;
But ever by night and by day,
The melody soundeth on.

As the weary traveller sees
In desert or prairie vast,
Blue lakes, overhung with trees
That a pleasant shadow cast;

Fair towns with turrets high,
And shining roofs of gold,
That vanish as he draws nigh,
Like mists together rolled—

So I wander and wander along,
And forever before me gleams
The shining city of song,
In the beautiful land of dreams.

But when I would enter the gate
Of that golden atmosphere,
It is gone, and I wonder and wait
For the vision to reappear.

A STRANGE DUEL.

The following lines appeared in the *Paris Figaro*, Dec. 12, 186—, exciting the curiosity of all the idle, gossiping, *dolce far niente* inhabitants by their brevity and mystery:

"Last evening, at a private reception given by the charming and talented actress, Mile. M. D., of the 'Bouffes,' the young Count Gaston d'Avray, well known in our highest circles as a most amiable and accomplished gentleman, threw a glass of Moët in the face of Duke Albert de la Rive. No reason was given for this unexpected occurrence. Cards were exchanged between the two parties, and it is rumored that the honor of the fair hostess herself is compromised in this lamentable affair. A *blentôt les détails*."

Editors of the Table:

GENTLEMEN: Having been present myself at the altercation that arose on that memorable evening, I feel particularly pleased to be able to elucidate a matter which has hitherto remained enigmatical to the Parisian scandal-brewers, and which even the ubiquitous, prying *Figaro* has ever been incapable of divining.

The morning after the supper, Duke Albert de la Rive's seconds presented themselves at Count Gaston's hotel, and having been ushered into his private sitting-room, tendered him an unsealed missive, stamped with the ducal crest, the contents of which ran as follows:

"MONSIEUR LE COMTE: As a lover of Marguerite, you have acted in the most despicable manner. Such things should have been concealed. You also insulted me grossly, and—stupidly. The satisfaction which I desire from you, and which the gentlemen who bring this are authorized to claim, is that you should place yourself at my disposal this evening at 8 p.m. precisely, to meet me at the Café Anglais, where we will sup together in room No. 7, and as I know, Monsieur le Comte, that you are a fine eater, I demand of you to accept my challenge, to wit, that we shall eat and drink until death ensues to one of us. * * * * * Good stomachs will tell—*qu'en pensez-vous?* Foil-thrusts, pistol balls, and all such barbarous instruments lacerate the flesh, destroy one's equilibrium of mind, and upset one's system, besides hurting atrociously—an excellent repast will be to me more palatable."

"Gentlemen, you can inform your friend, the Duke, that I will hold myself at his disposition at the hour named, and that Mile. M. D.—herself will honor our meeting with her presence."

At eight o'clock three persons sat down to table in an elegant and sumptuously furnished "cabinet particulier" of the best Boulevard Restaurant; five minutes later three dozen Ostendes, accompanied by two bottles of amber-tinted Chablis *vieux* were placed before the guests, and the discreet garçon disappeared, leaving two deadly enemies in face of each other, and a smiling but bewildered woman between them.

"I am so very glad that everything has ended in such a satisfactory way," observed the young actress. "My Roederer is too strong for you, I think, Gaston," she added, playfully; "hereafter I will tell Jacques only to pour you out two glasses. You had no idea how heady it was. And then Monsieur le Duc acted so very composedly. You are too rash entirely, *mon cher*."

"Well, I avow," replied Gaston, as he finished his oysters, "I was rather flushed. But the Duke and I are above such trifling peccadilloes. By the way, De la Rive, how do you find these bivalves? Rather copperish, heh? Well, really, I prefer them to the American and English natives, for I confess I find a certain savor to them unequalled by any foreign oyster. Washed down

by this royal Chablis, I frankly think I could swallow another dozen. Waiter!"

"By the way how charming Schneider is in 'Barbe Bleue.' What a hit that *cher Offenbach* has made. Why, Schneider's impersonation of *Boulotte* is simply admirable; so artless, yet bold; so broad, without a tinge of vulgarity. Positively delicious, that woman. I enjoyed my evening wonderfully."

"Yes, indeed Duke. I met Meilhac the other night in the *couloirs* of the Varieties. Sanguine fellow, he hopes for a two hundred nights' run. Thanks to Dupuis and Schneider, the piece will last. * * * They say that the Prince of Wales is very * * * Ah! here is the fish."

At this moment the garçon entered, bearing a superb *coel au gratin*, while the butler, aproned and ready with the corkscrew, placed a bottle of 1837 Château Yquem beside the appetizing dish.

"What were you alluding to, Gaston?" said the actress.

"Oh, nothing; a mere stage *potin*, some behind-scene scandal. Duke, allow me to pour you out some of this golden nectar. Fine aroma. You, as an œnologist, will find it exquisite, and appreciate it, too. It was recommended to me by my friend, Ernest Hendaye. You remember him? Poor fellow, he was killed at Solferino. Splendid artist. Landscape painter of great merit. Curse the Austrian bullets. Here's to you."

So saying, he quaffed off his glass and finished, scrupulously, the generous portion of sole placed before him by his gastronomical adversary.

"This fish," said Marguerite, "is not up to the Café Anglais standard; it lacks something, I cannot tell what."

"Lemon, perhaps," said Gaston. "But I assure you it is delicious, and I will refer to the duke, whose fondness for fish is proverbial at the club. I believe he descended into the Maelstrom with his yacht after a Norwegian salmon; and his treatise on piscatorial matters in general could not have been better, even in the *Encyclopædia*."

"No, no, madam. Gaston exaggerates. Besides, I would not take upon myself the liberty of criticizing your excellent taste; but really, I find this dish worthy of the *cordon bleu* attached to the restaurant, succulent and well flavored in the extreme; however, you know they say, '*De gustibus non dis*'."

"Come, come, no Latin, Duke. The greatest wrong a man can have towards women, sometimes, is to be in the right. But I will capitulate? But what is this?"

"*Ris de veau à la Jardinière*," said a spruce, liveried garçon. "What wine, gentlemen?"

"Margeaux."

"Well, what is the news of the week, Duke?" continued the fair *comédienne*. "Any new conquests? Is it really true that Cora intends to make her *début* in *Orphée aux Enfers*? Come, drop this taciturnity and tell me all you know. Why, I declare, how you do eat to-night! Are you famished? You don't eat, you devour."

"I rode in the Bois this morning to try my new mare Fanny; the ride sharpened my appetite. As to your other questions, Mademoiselle," answered the Duke, tossing off a small glass of claret, which was instantly replenished, "I must find my breath to reply. Of conquests I have few. My Don Juanic days are over. I am a bitter old skeptic now."

"Pugh!" retorted Marguerite. "A man of thirty-five, an artist, a millionaire, turning cynical. Ha! ha! you are concealing some 'bonne fortune.' *Mon cher*, tell me, is she pretty?"

"No, I am serious, Miss. I abjure the fair sex pro tem. I find woman to be as perfidious as the waves. An English poet said something to that effect, I believe."

"Perfidious as the waves! Well, I agree," laughed Marguerite; "but men are such good swimmers, you know."

"You are facetious, Mademoiselle. But, nevertheless, I no longer believe in women; and in their virtue, less."

"Oh, horrible!" exclaimed the actress. "Why?"

"Well, to preserve a precious object, it must be used as little as possible. Is not that so?"

"Certainly."

"Well, apply that aphorism to virtue."

"But, Count, you are not eating. Allow me. Here comes a '*Châteaubriand aux petits pois*,' that looks superbly. Suppose, Mademoiselle, that we postpone our psychological and abstract discussion upon virtue till that of the old Beaune, I have ordered, has been thoroughly investigated."

"As you will, Duke, only I shall make a desperate struggle. I warn you to sustain the honor of my calumniated sex."

"A discomfiture from such a fair adversary would delight me, Mademoiselle." * * *

"Louis XV.! Louis XV.! Duke—old school," laughed Gaston, helping himself to a salami which had just been brought in. "By the way, what has become of Charles Donnay?"

"I can't say, my friend; the last I heard of him was that he worked with Rochefort. Did you see his last *Lanterne*?" Admirably sarcastic it was too—keen and cutting as an Alleppo blade. The fellow will get in trouble before long. Mark my words. But he yearns for reputation. His talent justifies his ambition. But as a comrade I prefer him to a politician. What a charming, sociable, witty conversationalist! Badinguet will seize on him yet. Troublesome days are yet in store for France."

"Oh, bah! Duke; how do you know? Mere rumors. I defy the most clever statesman to predict the future of France six months ahead."

"Of France I agree; but not of Paris. Paris

and France differ radically. [The waiter here appeared, bringing a *perdre aux truffes*, a gem of culinary art.] Politics, like religion, are nebulous. Such a discussion would lead us to the morning, besides annoying Mademoiselle; and as I have a great treat in store for you, we will leave politics aside."

"A treat, you say?"

"Yes; *macaroni à la Solferino*, which will appear in good time."

"Why, is that anything particularly regal?"

"Quite a novelty in Paris, I believe; a delicious dish, and legendary one, too."

"How is it served?"

"Oh, simple enough. Macaroni, cooked with tomatoes, scraped Gruyère, onions and finely-chopped ham."

"What a mixture!" said Marguerite.

"No; it appears that after the battle of Solferino the emperor and his *aides de camp*, with Gen. Fleury, were detained in some old, dissected, bullet-shattered cot, near the field of battle, and that they were obliged to find their own dinner. So Fleury poked about, and, after a diligent search, found some macaroni, a piece of stale cheese, and some onions, and tomatoes in the garden; so he made an amalgam of the materials, chopped up everything together, and put it in a pot on the fire, stirring it around with his sword. The *plat* was pronounced excellent, and now it is the rage here, with the very sage addition of truffes."

The dinner now progressed rapidly—entrées after entrées, partridges, chickens, quail, venison, vegetables, roast after roast, laved in the choicest brands of Burgundy and Bordeaux. Salads, entremets and lesser delicacies, aided the rivals to empty bottle upon bottle of Roederer, changing from time to time to redolent Geisenheimer or sweet Tokai. Nesselrode puddings, *gâteaux au Madère*, creams, meringues, fruits and sherbets followed each other in vertiginous succession. Grave infractions to the established laws of a sociable supper were made; but both ate voraciously, and paid no attention to the remarks of the actress, while Paxarete, Feralta and Asti were drunk, *ad infinitum*, over twenty desserts. Marguerite, sole witness to this strange display of gormandizing, began to suspect that something was wrong, although the general conversation was of the lightest and most brilliant style, until the adversaries began to show signs of repletion and fatigue. Flushed by wines and rich food, Gaston breathed heavily, but, notwithstanding, bravely finished a large *omelette au rhum*, that was pronounced so palatable that another larger one was ordered.

"Here's to your good wishes, Duke," said Marguerite, attempting a smile, and sipping lingeringly at a glasslet of Lunel.

"You compromise yourself, Mademoiselle."

Gaston grinned.

"You are witty, Duke."

"Not at all. Everything witty in the world has been said or written a thousand times, but always appears new, the majority of people only remembering what is stupid. My feeble attempts have but the charm of being *à propos*."

"I think before our Mocha, Gaston, we could do justice to a *pâté de gibier* or *de foie gras*. What say you?"

"*Volontiers*," muttered the young Count, who, crimson and purple in the face, tottered to the window and remained a second breathing the cool morning air.

The viand was brought, and the Count apparently relieved, began to partake of it. Scarcely a minute has elapsed, after having put the first morsel to his mouth, when he gave a faint, half-stifled cry, and fell backwards upon the carpet, dragging with him a half-finished glass of Spanish wine.

What passed subsequently was not narrated by the actress; but two hours later, when the door of the private apartment was broken in by the alarmed *restaurateur* the bodies of Duke Albert de la Rive and Count Gaston d'Avray were found choked to death, and Mile. M. D.—stretched upon the sofa, incapable of uttering a syllable, her jewelled hand driven into the wall by a dirk—two inches below the bell tassel.

BLUE-JACKETS' PETS.

Blue-jackets, as Her Majesty's sailors are sometimes styled, are passionately fond of pets. They must have something to love, if it be but a woolly-headed nigger boy, or a cockroach in a 'bacoo-box. Little nigger boys, indeed, may often be found on board a man-o'-war the reigning pets. Young niggers are very precocious. You can teach them all they will ever learn in six months. Of this kind was one, I remember, Little Freezing Powders, as black as midnight, and shining all over like a billiard-ball, with his round, curly head, and pleasant, dimply face. Freezing-Powders soon became a general favorite both fore and aft. His master, our marine officer, picked him up somewhere on the west coast; and, although only 9 years old, before he was four months in the ship he could speak good English, was a perfect little gymnast, and knew as many tricks and capers as the cook and the monkey. Snowball was another I knew, but Snowball took to rum at an early age, became dissipated and a gambler, and finally fled to his native jungle.

Jock, of ours, was a seal of tender years, who for many months had retained the affections of all hands, until washed overboard in a gale of wind. This creature's time on board was fully occupied in a daily round of duty, pleasure and labor. His duty consisted in eating seven meals a day, and bathing in a tub after each; his pleasure, to lie on his side on the quarter-deck,

and be scratched and petted; while his labor consisted of ceaselessly endeavoring to enlarge a certain scupper-hole sufficiently to permit his escape to his native ocean. How indefatigably he used to work, day by day, and hour after hour, scraping on the iron first with one flipper, then another, then poking his nose in to measure the result with his whiskered face! He kept the hole bright and clear, but did not sensibly enlarge it, at least to human ken. Jock's successor on that ship was a youthful bear of arctic nativity. He wasn't a nice pet. He took all you gave him, and wanted to eat your hand as well, but he never said "Thank you," and permitted no familiarity. When he took his walks abroad, which he did every morning, although he never went out of his road for a row, he walked straight ahead, with his nose down, growling, and gnawed and tore everything that touched him—not at all a pet worth being troubled with.

I met the boatswain the other day at the Cape, and inquired for his pet.

"Oh, sir," he said, with genuine feeling, "he's gone, sir. Shortly after you left the ship, poor Idzky took to taking rather much liquor, and that don't do for any of us, you know, sir; I think it was that, for I never had the heart to put him on allowance; and he went raving mad, had regular fits of delirium tremens, and did nothing but run round his cage and bark, and wouldn't look at anything in the way of food. Well, one day I was coming off the forenoon watch, when what should I see but a double line of them 'P' ants working in and out of the little place; twenty or so were carrying a wing, and a dozen a leg, and half a score running on with a feeler, just like men carrying a stowed mainsail; 'and that,' says I, 'is poor Idzky's funeral; and so it was, and I didn't disturb them. Poor Idzky!'"

Did the reader ever hear of the sailor who tamed a cockroach? Well, this man I was a shipmate with. He built a little cage, with a little kennel in the corner of it, expressly for his unsavory pet, and he called the creature Idzky—"which he named himself, sir," he explained to me. Idzky was a giant of his race. His length was fully four inches, his breadth one inch, while each of his waving feelers measured six. This monster knew his name and his master's voice, hurrying out from his kennel when called upon, and emitting the strange sound which gained for him the cognomen Idzky. The boatswain, his master, was as proud of him as, he might have been of a prize pug, and never tired of exhibiting his eccentricities.

Peter was a pet mongoose of mine, a kindly, cozy little fellow, who slept around my neck at night, and kept me clear of the cockroaches, as well as my implacable enemies, the rats. I was good to Peter, and fed him well, and used to take him on shore at the Cape among the snakes. The snakes were for Peter to fight; and the way my wary, wee friend dodged and closed with, and finally throttled and killed a cobra, was a caution to the subtlest of the beasts of the field. The presiding Malay used to clap his brown hands with joy as he exclaimed: "Ah, *sauvé* good mongoose, sar; proper mongoose to kill the snake."

"You don't object, do you," I modestly asked my captain one day, while strolling on the quarter-deck after tiffin, "you don't object to the somewhat curious pets I at times bring on board?"

"Object?" he replied. "Well, no; not as a rule. Of course you know I don't like your snakes to get gliding all over the ship as they were the other day. But, doctor, what's the good of my objecting. If any one were to let that unholy beast in the box yonder loose—"

"Don't think of it, captain," I interrupted; "he'd be the death of somebody, to a dead certainty."

"No! I'm not such a fool," he continued. "But if I shot him, why, in a few days you'd be billeting a boa-constrictor or an alligator on me, and telling me it was for the good of science and the service."

The unholy beast in the box was the most splendid and graceful specimens of the monitor lizard I have ever seen. Fully five feet long from tip to tail, he swelled and tapered in the most perfect lines of beauty. Smooth, though scaly, and inky black, tartaned all over with transverse rows of bright-yellow spots, with eyes that shone like wild-fire, and teeth like quartz, with his forked tongue continually flashing out from his bright-red mouth, he had a wild, weird loveliness that was most uncanny. Mephistopheles, as the captain not inaptly called him, knew me, however, and took his cockroaches from my hand, although perfectly frantic when any one else went near him. If a piece of wood, however hard, were dropped into his cage, it was instantly torn in pieces; and if he seized the end of a rope, he might quit partnership with his head, but with the rope never.

One day, greatly to my horror, the steward entered the wardroom, pale with fear, and reported: "Mephistopheles, escaped, sir, and yaffling" (rending) "the men." I rushed on deck. The animal had indeed escaped. He had torn his cage into splinters, and declared war against all hands. Making for the fore hatchway, he had seized a man by the jacket-skirts, going down the ladder. The man got out of the garment without delay, and fled faster than any British sailor ought to have done. On the lower deck he chased the cook from the coppers, and the carpenter from his bench. A circle of Kroomen were sitting mending a foresail; Mephistopheles suddenly appeared in their midst. The niggers unanimously threw up their toes, individually turned somersaults backwards, and

sought the four winds of heaven. These routed, my pet turned his attention to Peepie Peepie, who was a little Arab slave-lass. She was squatting by a colabash, singing low to herself, and eating rice. He seized her cummerbund; it was her only garment. But Peepie wriggled clear—natural—and ran on deck, the innocent, like the "funny little maiden" in Hans Breitmann that "had got nodings on." On the cummerbund Mephistopheles spent the remainder of his fury and the rest of his life; for, not knowing what might happen next, I sent for a fowling-piece, and the plucky fellow succumbed to the force of circumstances and a pipeful of buck-shot. I have him yonder on the sideboard, in body and in spirit (gin), bottle-mate with a sand-snake, three centipedes and a tarantula.

FINLAY'S NEW SCALP.

The Danbury News says that "here is something remarkable. A woman in New Haven was recently bereft of her scalp by the idiosyncrasies of a shaft and belt. The doctors saw that to remedy the evil they would have to have recourse to transplanting, and so they actually succeeded in getting a sufficient number of pieces from other people's heads to give this unfortunate woman a new scalp. We hope those New Haven doctors used more discretion than did he who attended a man named Finlay, who met with a similar accident in Oriskany, N. Y., some thirteen years ago. Bits of scalp from seventeen different persons were secured by this doctor and adroitly stitched to the head of Finlay. When it was done, people came miles to see Finlay's head, and Finlay himself, with his checker-board cranium, was the happiest man in Oriskany. But when the capillary glands got in working order and the hair commenced to grow, the top of that man's head presented the most extraordinary spectacle on record. The doctor, who was about half the time in liquor, had consulted expediency rather than judgment, and secured that new scalp without any reference to future developments. We never saw anything like it. Here was a tuft of yellow hair, and next to it a bit of black, and then a flame of red, and a little like silk, and more like tow, with brown hair and gray hair and sandy hair and cream-colored hair scattered over his entire skull. And what a mad man that Finlay was, and nobody could blame him. He would stand up against the barn for an hour at a time and sob and swear. It was very fortunate that the doctor was dead. He went off two weeks before with the blue ague, which is a mild sort of disease. Finlay kept his hair cut short, but that didn't make any difference. Then he tried dyes, but they only made matters worse. Then he got a wig, and this covered up the deformity; but sometimes at church he would get asleep, and the wig would fall off, and make the children cry. Once at the county fair he fell asleep and the wig dropped off, and the committee on domestic goods, when they came around, stood in front of Finlay's head for some five minutes in wrapt delight. They then immediately decided that it was the most ingenious piece of patch work in the list, and never discovered the mistake until they attempted to pin the premium card to it. At that Finlay awoke, and knocked down the chairman of the committee, and chased the others out of the building. We hope those New Haven doctors have been more particular, as it is not a subject to trifle with."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

AMONG the novelties for the feminine toilet it is said that trinkets made of the scales of fishes have been introduced in Europe.

STRUCK DUMB.—An old man named John Speese, a German, engaged as a porter at the William Penn Hotel, was admitted to the Philadelphia hospital recently, under the following extraordinary circumstances: Speese had left the hotel some time since, and returned a few days ago complaining of feeling unwell. He went to the cooler in the bar-room and took a glass of water. On attempting to swallow the fluid, he was unable to do so, for, as often as he made the attempt, so often the water refused to go down, but spurted out of his nose and mouth. This proceeding was so curious that it attracted the attention of the bystanders, and they asked him what was the matter. Here again happened something curious. The old man pointed to his tongue and shook his head, but said nothing. He was taken to the Pennsylvania Hospital, and a doctor examined him, but no result was then obtained other than that the man was dumb, either from choice or necessity. If the latter, no theory could be devised which would meet the case.

HOW THE YOUNG LADY WROTE HER FATHER'S SERMONS.—"O, it's easy enough," she said. "You do it like this. Did you ever play a game of forfeits called 'When is it? Where is it? What is it?' Because writing a sermon is very like playing that game. You take the text. You think why it is, what it is, and so on. You put that down under 'collectively.' Then you proceed to the first, secondly, and thirdly. Papa won't have fourthly—says they are all my eye. Then you have a final collectively, several pages of this being put in great black brackets, writing opposite, 'Leave this out if the farmers are falling asleep.' Then comes your 'In conclusion'; then 'A few words and I have done.' Well, all this time you have put on the back of

each page, 'Keep your voice down.' I mean," she added, correcting herself, "that's how I do in papa's sermon-book, because otherwise he gets louder and louder, till at last he shouts like a farmer up a field."

A GENTLEMAN ON A SNAKE'S BACK.—One of the most important additions to the pleasures of a watering-place is a sufficiency of comfortable seats to welcome the weary tourist at every turn of the "romantic promenades" and "historic glades" of his holiday resort. The need of such accommodation is indeed so imperative that when the resources of the local administration are too slender to provide green-benches with sloping backs, a few humble logs disposed here and there would not be despised by the excursionist. No inconvenience is likely to result from the adoption in these latitudes of this economical expedient, but it appears that elsewhere such a seat might greatly disappoint and indeed seriously discompose the confiding person who sinks exhausted upon it. A gentleman visiting one of the Southern States of America having fatigued himself by gathering wild raspberries, a seductive occupation which one never knows when to leave off, sat down with considerable emphasis on what he supposed to be a log. To his dismay, he immediately began moving down hill, and presently found that he was seated on the back of an immense snake, sixty feet long, and corpulent in proportion. The sensation of the fatigue suddenly left him so completely that he got up directly, and was soon far from the spot.

BREACH OF PROMISE.—A suit for a breach of promise of marriage, of a somewhat peculiar character, is pending at Bryn Mawr, New Wales, in which Becky Sharp is plaintiff and one John Stains is defendant. The plaintiff sues to recover \$20,000 damages, as compensation for the loss of marriage with the defendant, and as a reparation for her outraged feelings and affections. The trial came on during last month, before the High Court of Bryn Mawr, before John K. Valentine, Presiding Judge, and Benjamin Bullock and Edward Taggart as Associate Judges; and as its merits had been pretty freely discussed in social circles where the parties were well known, it attracted a large crowd of visitors and spectators. The jury is composed of six ladies and six gentlemen, John M. Kennedy, Chief Burgess of Bryn Mawr, being their foreman. The plaintiff is represented by Duncan Buzby, a rising young lawyer, with David Webster as senior counsel; the defendant by William W. Weigley, associated with James Boyd, of Norristown, of "Centennial" and "Constitutional" fame. The plaintiff at the trial told the story of her love, and of the defendant's respective offers of marriage, which she finally, after much beseeching, accepted, in a most interesting and affecting manner, and she seemed to win the sympathy of all present. She was, however, subjected to a most rigid cross-examination, painful in the extreme to her feelings, so much so that at one time she swooned away. The trial was adjourned in consequence of the engagements of counsel, but it is to be resumed shortly. The correspondence which passed between the parties has yet to be put in evidence, and the defendant himself will also be examined, after which the counsel on each side will address the jury.

OLD MAIDS.—One Morgan, a travelling lecturer, gives seven reasons why old maids have not married: Some cling to family name—don't want to merge into the Smith family. Some prize their beauty too high—don't find a purchaser. Some are too literary. Literary women should not marry; Mrs. Hemans found the feeding of five hungry boys uncongenial to her tastes; Mrs. Sigourney was unhappy in her domestic relations; Mrs. Fanny Kemble preferred to be the heroine of her own tragedy, "Francis the First," than to be Mrs. Butler the second; Hannah Moore, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Sedwick, whose books have made the world better than they found it, did well to remain single; the same may be said of Alice and Phoebe Cary, Louisa Alcott, Elizabeth Phelps, Emily Faithfull, and many others. These are wedded to their works. Like Michael Angelo, they say, "Our works shall be our children." Miss Herschel was too much absorbed in the stars for "sparks" below; Miss Mitchell preferred comets to bachelors; Anna Dickinson wouldn't hitch on even to a Senator. Miss Anthony marry? Marry a man? No, never! unless an executioner. Then all the tyrant men should have one neck, placed on one block, and she hold the axe. Some are too religious; these are the Ann Lees, Ann Hutchinsons, the Joans of Arc that have set the world on fire with religious enthusiasm. Some are too much absorbed in philanthropic work—Florence Nightingale, Miss Barton, Miss Carpenter, Dorothy Dix. Some have no knack to win a lover. Lovers are often fools, caught with chaff. Some are too modest; modest little violets hid the lowland meadow. Some are too bold, too tonguey; they rattle like an alarm clock; they make a soldier of a man if he will only enlist.

RULES FOR RAINY WEATHER.—Always leave your umbrella at home, lest it be spoiled by the wet.—Wear your best silk hat in order that you may ascertain whether it is waterproof or not.—Never wear thick boots out of doors; they do not keep the feet cool enough.—Always seek shelter in the doorways of public-houses and pawnbrokers' establishments; it looks so respectable.—If you wish to keep very dry, you can eat a couple of red-herrings for breakfast, anchovies for lunch, and salt codfish for dinner.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

If a man beats carpets, does he cane chairs also?

WHEN is a home like a bird?—When it has wings.

WHEN is it right to take any one in?—When it rains.

A VEST THAT SHOULD BE DOUBLED.—The harvest.

How I prize you, my dear! said the jenny to the safe door.

THE ABHORRENCE OF LIGHT-FINGERED GENTRY.—A stop watch.

LADIES who light up well at night—Those who have lantern-jaws.

THE best thing to do should the drum of your ear be destroyed—Get a trumpet.

IN what case is it absolutely impossible to be slow and sure?—In the case of a watch.

MILITARY.—When a soldier scales a fortress, does he always have a weight on his mind?

If a man has a "bent of mind," does it necessarily follow that he has a crooked intellect?

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY," as the young man said when he eloped with a fair legatee.

MEAN.—The meanest fishmonger in the world is the man who paints herrings with red paint and blue spots, and sells them for speckled trout.

"THE VERB 'to love,'" says a wicked French writer, "is an active verb, which runs until it sinks exhausted into the easy chair of marriage."

IMPORTANT NEEDLEWORK.—The most important needle-work ever done in the world is supposed to have been done by the mariner's compass.

"You have lost all your teeth," said a traveller to a beggar.—"It was time to lose 'em," was the reply, "when I could get nothing for 'em to work on."

HARD WEAR.—Rasper, being told he looked seedy, and asked what business he was in, replied, "The hard wear business—look at my wardrobe."

AN Iowa paper proclaims itself an "honest newspaper," and in another paragraph says, "When a man professes honesty now-a-days, keep your eye peeled for a thief."

WHAT should I talk about, this evening? asked a prosy speaker, of one of his expected auditors.—"About a quarter of an hour would be just about the thing," was the reply.

A STALL AT THE OPERA.—"Jimmy, what's a stall at the opera?"—"Well, I can't say, not for certain; but I suppose it's where they sell the hapsies, oranges, ginger-beer, and biskits."

A SAN FRANCISCO widow keeps the skull of her deceased husband in a glass case. She once remarked to a friend who was viewing the remains, "Alas! how often have I banged his head with a broomstick! I am sorry for it now."

SEVERE.—A gentleman was complimenting a pretty young lady in the presence of his wife. "It is lucky I did not meet Miss Hopkins before I married you, my dear."—"Well, yes, it is extremely lucky—for her," was the dry rejoinder.

A LITTLE girl at school read thus:—"The widow lived on a small limbaey left her by a relative."—"What did you call that word?" asked the teacher; "the word is legacy, not limbaey."—"But, Miss Johnson," said the little girl, "my sister says I must say limb, not leg."

HOW TO KEEP COOL.—Visit a Good Templar Lodge, and offer to stand whisky all round.—Inform your mother-in-law that it is time she went back to her cottage in the country.—Make the acquaintance of a fellow third-class passenger, and find that he is suffering from small-pox.

A HUMANE lady, of an unusually tender heart, was exceedingly shocked, the other day on hearing her husband tell the gardener, who was saying something about the house-dog, to "cut his tail short;" and she nearly fainted on being informed by a lady friend that she "had been killing time."

THEODORE HOOK was at a musical party, at which a certain young lady attempted to sing a very difficult song, which she gave with exaggerated feeling and a great many blunders. "Don't you adore her singing?" asked a gushing old lady, who sat next Hook; "it's so full of soul." "Well, madam, for my part," said the wit, "there seems more of the flounder than the sole about it."

RETURNING late one night to one of those vast mazes of mismanagement known as a Grand Hotel, Buddie demanded a glass of stout. "Too late, sir," was the answer; "bar closes at eleven." "Can't I have a glass of stout?" "No, sir—impossible!" "Then pray tell me, my good friend," said Buddie, with ludicrous solemnity of tone, "what do you keep the night-porter up for?"

CUT IT SHORT.—We learn from Dutch papers that King William has bestowed the Order of the Lion on the Sultan of Djoejakata. We fancy the real name of the place must be Crack-jawkata, as the Sultan's appellation is Haman-koewonosenopatingalagonabgurrachmansaydinupnotogemede. We deeply sympathise with the alphabet, which must be terribly overworked in his Majesty's dominions.

WHEN one of the poet Rogers' servants, who

had been a long time in his service, died, a kind-hearted friend called to condole with him on the loss he had sustained.—"Well," exclaimed Rogers, after listening for some time to his sympathy, "I don't know that I feel his loss so much after all. For the first seven years he was an obliging servant, for the second seven years an agreeable companion, but for the last seven he was a tyrannical master."

PRACTICAL SURVEYING.—A professor in an American college had taken his class out, on a pleasant afternoon, to exercise them in practical surveying. The next morning they were to be examined on the same. The first pupil was called up. Said the professor, "How would you go to work to survey a lot of land?" (Deep thinking but no answer.) "If a man should come to you to get you to survey a lot of land, what would you do?"—"I think," said the student, thoughtfully, "I should tell him he had better get somebody else."

THE late Lord Derby was decorating one of his country mansions, and was having the central hall floor tessellated. A young man, tall and powerful, was at work on one of the walls, when the Earl ordered a number of slippers to be placed on the door-mat, desiring this young man to order any one that came in to put on a pair before crossing the passage, and added to the order, "If anybody does not do it you must take him by the shoulder and turn him out." Soon after a hunting party passed, and the late Duke of Wellington with his splashed boots, opened the door and rushed along the hall. The young man immediately jumped off the ladder on which he was painting, and, seizing his Grace by the shoulder, fairly pushed him out of the house. The painter said afterwards, very emphatically, that "the Duke's eagle eye went right through him," but, as he did not know the Duke, he only kept wondering who the individual was. In the course of the day, the Earl, on hearing of the circumstances, summoned all the household and men at work into the study, and, seating himself beside the great warrior, demanded who had had the impertinence to push the Duke out of doors.—The painter, all of a tremble, came forward and said, "It was I, my lord."—"And pray," rejoined the Earl, "how came you to do it?"—"By your orders, my lord."—"On this his Grace turned round to Lord Derby, and, smiling, drew a sovereign out of his purse, and giving it to the astonished culprit, said, significantly, "You were right to obey orders."

OUR PUZZLER.

103. CHARADE.

In ancient times my first was seen
In many a lordly hall;
From next we might a lesson take,
Although it is but small.

My whole plainly specify
A kind of pompous show;
It also means to represent
As most of you may know.

WM. FENWICK.

104. SQUARE WORDS.

1. Portion of the body; desirous; to act in concert; aquatic plants; a lock of hair.
2. A preserver; a lady's name; the goddess of beauty; to avoid; expunged.
3. To bestow; a bard; a cavern; to strengthen; vegetable productions.

C. B. GILBERT.

105. LOGOGRIPIH.

I am a word that's rather small,
And yet I serve for each and all;
And, if you take my tail away,
You then convert me into aye.
My tail replace, my head remove,
Then in a great degree I prove;
My first three letters next will name
A female who was much to blame.

JOSEPH CARPENTER.

106. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A father, at his death, left a certain sum and a small estate to be divided amongst his three sons, A, B, and C; that B would receive three-eighths of the sum and one-fourth of the estate less than A, and that C would receive one-fourth of the sum and one-fourth of the estate less than B. The estate was sold for three times the sum in bank, and both sums being added together amount to £19,200. Required their respective shares.

JAMES ROBERTSON.

107. CHARADES.

Where'er my first throws too much heat,
We find my second very sweet;
Most ladies fair my whole do carry,
The brightness of my first to parry.

II.

If my first is my second,
He's liked by my whole;
And by them he's reckoned
A good sort of soul.

E. WILLIAMS.

108. SQUARE WORDS.

1. A king of England; overhead; a division of Greece; an occurrence; chairs.
2. A king of England; a lazy fellow; Dutch for "rod," finished; actions.
3. A king of England; a river of Spain; relish; a painter, curtailed; birds' resting place.

W. GODBY.

109. CHARADE.

In books I am found, in numbers large,
And uttered every day;
Indeed, some think, without their aid,
My first you could not say.
I have a doubt, it being me,
But be that as it may.

Possessed of next, I am very sure
'Tis readily perceived;
And only those who have it not,
Who feel themselves aggrieved.
Various in kind, no doubt, but still,
If me, as such received.

So, too, of whole. Were I to say
That verse is it, you'd own
"A something new" therewith expressed,
Oft wished there might be shown.
Now reflect: but, as it you will see,
A poet's name well known.

110. PALINDROME.

Now, as I've a riddle, I'll begin it to tell.
Five letters I contain, all numbers as well,
And think you may it easily find.
By thinking it over in your mind.
It is a crown, much used of old.
Now all that's necessary is plainly told.
Read backwards and forwards, I still am the
same—
Now, surely by this you have guess'd my name?

111. LOGOGRIPH.

When you read this, my whole you know;
But put my last letter first, then you'll view
A kind of weapon it will sure to show.
Now please to find it; I have told it you.

112. LETTER "X" PUZZLE.

A market town in the north of Yorkshire; a town of Naples, consisting of five letters; without life; a large city in Burmah; two thousand; a personal pronoun; one thousand eight hundred and twice five score; a female's name; an exploit; capital city of one of the Azores; the sister of a noted scriptural character. The initials, finals, and diagonals will, with the addition of a comma properly placed between the central letters, read the same forwards or backwards, and will form an expression very likely used by Adam when he introduced himself to his wife.

113. DOUBLE ARITHMOREM.

101 and rash bop (a dignity of the Church)
51 " a rage (the ensigns of royalty)
2051 " a rot (perpetual)
1002 " rent (a town of the island of Sicily)
1000 " he gone (a Thrasian poet in the age of Alcibiades)
1001 " a yard (ten thousand)
56 " ore (a man's name)
501 " or gore (a character in "Othello")
1005 " ah'see (a town in England)
1000 " or o (a celebrated poet)

The initials and finals, read downwards, will name two kinds of puzzles.

114. STAR PUZZLE.

The head of a rabbit; a place of abode; a foreign country; a town in Switzerland; a foreign bird; an insect; and a vowel. The initials, down, will name a great musician.

115. CHARADE.

First rests upon my first,
Whilst sitting in my second;
And in my whole I rest with ease,
And east it is reckon'd.

Of my first my second owns a pair—
So do you and I;
And now, I'm sure, with little care
You'll guess me if you try.

116. SQUARE WORDS.

1. Nearly all to perform; a prophet; a novice.
2. Green for against; want; a bird; vainly.
3. Fates; a constellation; furnished with ribs (entailed); grand; contempt.

117. ANAGRAMS—AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS.

1. Eh, my broken classics; an odd end; 2. Money under sod; but safety, don; 3. Sin, liar, stupid liar; who aims? no shallow rant; 4. Grim mongrel, ye escaped worry; 5. Try rare aims; shun indecent tales; 6. March, vile rake; shift devil goes it, wed fool; 7. Strange things; one will favor a vile art; 8. Sad sin, bold adulteress; ye cry mad; 9. Tell the charming tale to the pest, Toby.

118. GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

A cape in Siberia; a city on the Po; a lake in Switzerland; a continent; an ocean; a river in Bulgaria; a state in Germany. The centrals, downwards and across, name a large division of land.

119. PUZZLES.

I.

I'm half of twelve, and yet I'm seven,
Which no one can deny:
Take half of ten, then add eleven,
Then guess you needn't try.

II.

If to twenty you add one more,
Nineteen will appear,

Then from half take one and four,
There's four or six left there.

III.

Add one and two to ninety-one,
And show me less than ten;
And when you have this nicely done,
Surprised you'll be, I ken.

ANSWERS.

58. DOUBLE PYRAMID PUZZLE.—

CHARLOTTE
MARINER
RAVEN
LEG
R
APE
POOLE
CAROUSE
MISTLETOE

59. REBUS.—Cervantes, thus: 1. Corrunna; 2. Estremadura; 3. Rosas; 4. Vittoria; 5. Almaraz; 6. Navarre; 7. Trafalgar; 8. Ecija; 9. Salamanca.

60. CHARADES.—1. I, van, hoe; 2. Art, I, choke.

61. PROVERBS.—Scorn to do a mean action. Spare well and spend well. Procrastination is the thief of time. Where there is a will there is a way.

62. CHARADE.—Shipmate.

63. ANAGRAMS.—1. Christopher Columbus; 2. Captain Cook; 3. Dr. Livingstone; 4. Sir John Franklin; 5. George Stephenson; 6. Richard Arkwright; 7. William Armstrong; 8. David Brewster; 9. James Hargreaves; 10. Humphrey Davey; 11. James Watt; 12. Guido Arctine.

64. CHARADE.—Kingfisher.

65. CHARADE.—Crocus—C, roc, us.

66. ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.—

1. A, 20; B, 30; C, 50; D, 80.

2. A, 16; B, 32; C, 48.

3. A, 24; B, 36; C, 48.

67. DECAPITATION.—Dyle, Ely.

68. VERBAL PUZZLES.—1. Charles Dickens; 2. Henry John Byron.

69. CHARADE.—Sand-ring-ham.

70. LOGOGRIPH.—Grouse, Rouse, Ouse, Rose, Nose, One.

71. CHARADE.—Love-tale.

72. ANAGRAMS.—1. Allan Ramsay; 2. William Shakspeare; 3. Thomas Moore; 4. Robert Burns; 5. Thomas Campbell.

73. METAGRAM.—Fame, Same.

CAISSA'S CASKET.

SATURDAY, Oct. 4th, 1873.

* * All communications relating to Chess must be addressed "CHECKMATE, London, Ont."

* * We should be happy to receive a few unpublished two-move or three-move problems for "Caissa's Casket."

ERRATA.—In Caissa's Casket for Sept. 13th one or two errors occurred, which need correction. In the game read: White's moves 9. K. Kt. P. takes P. 10. K. Kt. to K. B. 4th. Solution to Prob. No. 2 should read 1. B. to K. B. 6th, &c. When we get fairly started blunders like these shall not occur.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALPHA, Whitby.—Your solutions to Problems No. 5 and 6 are quite correct. The Chess Record is still published at Philadelphia, but at this writing (Sept. 18th) the current number has not come to hand. Send on your three-pounders as soon as you like. We shall divide our attention between twos and threes shortly.

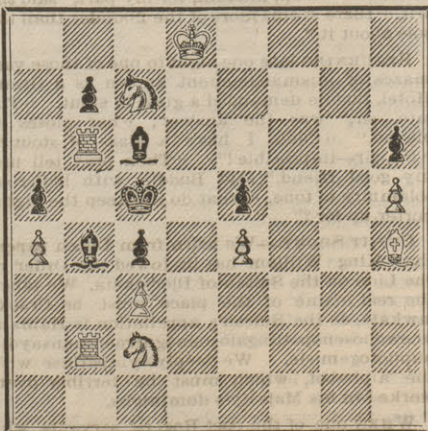
We shall be glad to hear from any of the FAVORITE readers who are fond of chess and can find time to write to us.

F. G. S.—You are right. Many thanks.

PROBLEM No. 7.

BY JOHN GARDNER.

BLACK.



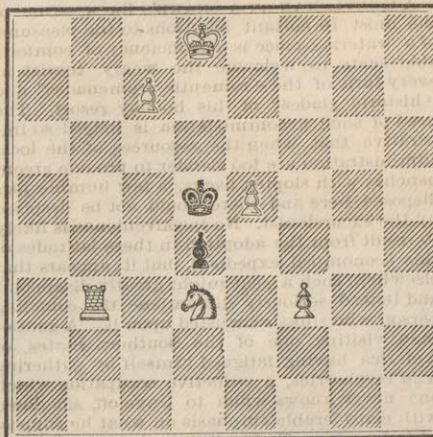
WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 8.

BY E. B. COOK.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

INSTRUCTION IN CHESS.

BY "CHECKMATE."

MY DEAR READERS,—I think you are now prepared to commence with me the examination of a number of chess games, played by men of acknowledged skill and experience, from which we may learn how to open the game safely and well, how to conduct it after we have passed the opening moves, and, also, how to bring it to a satisfactory close. By devoting our time to the opening moves alone we might be able to give attention to a greater number of variations than we purpose doing, but we should lose the instruction to be derived from a study of the body of the game, and also the ending, which are equally important with the opening. Therefore, we shall take a number of games, in which the opening moves differ, and we shall not only soon become acquainted with the best moves for attack and defence in any particular opening, but at the same time storing our minds with useful information relative to other parts of the game. We shall commence with "Philidor's Defence to the King's Knight's opening," and shall number our games in order for convenience of reference. Let me here recommend you to ask your friends to play this opening with you as often as possible, and by degrees, if you study carefully, you will profit a great deal more by following out this plan than by playing hap-hazard.

GAME No. 3.

This is one of the games played at the Vienna Tournament between Prof. A. Anderssen, the celebrated Prussian chess master, and Dr. Meitner.

PHILIDOR DEFENCE.

White. DR. MEITNER.
1. P. to K. 4th. 1. P. to K. 4th.

Before any of the pawns are moved, with the exception of the Kts., all the pieces are pinned in. By pushing forward the K. P. each player liberates his Q. and K. B.

2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. 2. P. to Q. 3rd.
Attacking the P. This sally constitutes the K. Kt. opening, and is more frequently played than any other opening. The Kt. is in a position to take the pawn or go to his own 5th, from whence he can co-operate with his fellows in an attack upon Black's weak point—his K. B. P.

This mode of defending the pawn is called the "Philidor Defence," and though somewhat confining the K. B. is considered quite safe.

3. P. to Q. 4th. 3. P. takes P.
White brings a second attack upon the pawn, and Black replies with one of the best and most usual moves. If instead of taking the pawn he counter-attacks White's K. P. by 3. K. Kt. to B. 3rd, White defends it with his Q. Kt. at Q. B. 3rd.

4. Q. takes P.
Each player has now gained a pawn, but White has his game the better developed. His Queen is well posted, and while Black endeavors to force her back, he tries to maintain her where she is.

4. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd.
Attacking the Queen. Formerly it was the rule to play 5. Q. to Q. 1st, now White pins the Kt. before his K.

5. K. B. to Q. Kt. 5th. 5. B. to Q. 2nd.
6. B. takes Kt. 6. B. takes B.

Black now has his Q. B. well posted.
7. B. to K. Kt. 5th.

While bringing his own men into effective play, White endeavors to keep up the attack and thereby control his opponent's movements. Black must now either move the Queen or defend it. The latter is the usual course pursued, although 7. Q. to Q. 2nd is sometimes played.

7. Kt. to K. B. 3rd.
B. to K. 2 now would be bad on account of 8. Q. takes Kt. P. In game 4, Black defends with 7. P. to K. B. 3. The books generally dismiss the game here as about equal.

8. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd. 8. B. to K. 2nd.
If White plays 8. B. takes Kt., Q. takes B.: 9. Q. takes Q., P. takes Q., and though he has doubled Black's pawns White's advantage is of a very questionable character, his opponent having a clear file for his K. R.

9. Castles Q. side. 9. Castles.
10. K. R. to K. 1st. 10. Kt. to K. 1st.

Black forces White to exchange B's (there by freeing his Q.) or to retreat.
11. B. takes B. 11. Q. takes B.

12. Q. to B. 4th.
The object of this move is not easy to define unless it be to strengthen the attack of 13. Kt. to Q. 5th. However, 12. P. to K. 5th, attacking the pawn and threatening a double attack on the Q. would be stronger.

13. Kt. to Q. 5th. 13. B. takes Kt.
14. P. takes B. 14. Q. to Q. 2nd.

This move of Black's and the remaining moves of this game would lead us to believe that Dr. Meitner at least did not expect to do more than draw, and that he played even move to obtain that end. You need not spend much time over them.

15. P. to K. R. 3rd. 15. Kt. to K. B. 3rd.
16. R. to Q. 4th. 16. K. R. to K. 1st.

17. K. R. to Q. 1st. 17. Q. to B. 4th.
18. Q. to Kt. 3rd. 18. Q. to B. 1st.

19. Kt. to K. R. 4th. 19. R. to K. 5th.
20. R. takes R. 20. Kt. takes R.
21. Q. to K. B. 3rd. 21. Kt. to K. B. 3rd.

22. Kt. to K. B. 5th. 22. Q. to Q. 2nd.

23. P. to K. Kt. 4th. 23. R. to K. 1st.
24. Q. to K. B. 4th. 24. B. to K. 4th.
If White 24. P. to Kt. 5th; R. to K. 4th; 25. P. takes Kt.; Q. takes Kt.; and Black would have the better game.

25. Q. to K. Kt. 5th. 25. Kt. to K. 1st.
(Threatening mate.) 26. R. to K. 7th.
26. P. to K. B. 4th. 27. R. to K. 5th.
27. Kt. to Q. 4th. 28. Q. to K. R. 5th.
28. P. to K. B. 5th. 29. Q. takes Q. R. P.
29. Q. to Q. 8th. 30. Q. to Q. R. 8th (ch.)
30. Kt. to K. 6th. 31. Q. to Q. R. 4th (ch.)
31. K. to Q. 2nd. 32. Q. to Q. R. 5th.
32. K. to B. 1st.

33. P. to Q. Kt. 3rd.
At this stage the game was declared a draw, though Black is a pawn ahead. Evidently Black could force the draw if he chose by perpetual check.

GAME No. 4.

This game was played in Virginia between Messrs. Kinnier and Kreutner.

PHILIDOR IS DEFENCE.

White. Black.
J. A. KINNIER. M. KREUTNER.
1. P. to K. 4th. 1. P. to K. 4th.
2. Kt. to K. B. 3rd. 2. P. to Q. 3rd.
3. P. to Q. 4th. 3. P. takes P.
4. Q. takes P.

If instead of re-taking the Pawn at once, Black play 4. B. to Q. B. 4th, White may reply 4. Kt. to K. B. 3rd, 4. B. to K. 2nd, or 4. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd. In the last case we have a position to the Scotch Gambit.

4. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd. 4. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd.
5. B. to Q. Kt. 5th. 5. B. to Q. 2nd.
6. B. takes Kt. 6. B. takes B.

7. B. to K. Kt. 5th. 7. P. to K. B. 3rd.
In Game 3, at this stage, the defence played his Kt. to K. B. 3rd. This move not only defends the Q., but gives White a momentary attack.

8. B. to K. R. 4th. 8. Kt. to K. R. 2nd.
White may also play here 8. Kt. to K. R. 3rd and 9. Kt. to K. B. 2nd.

9. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd. 9. Kt. to K. Kt. 3rd.
10. B. to K. Kt. 3rd. 10. Kt. to K. 4th.

The exchange which follows gives more freedom to White's men.
11. Kt. takes Kt. 11. B. P. takes Kt.

12. Q. to Q. B. 4th. 12. Q. to Q. 2nd.
13. Castles Q. side. 13. Q. to K. 5th.

White relinquishes the object for which he played his Q. to her 2nd, and permits his opponent to advance the Kt. Perhaps 13. P. to Q. Kt. 4th would have improved his game.

14. Kt. to Q. Kt. 5th. 14. Q. to K. Kt. 4th (ch.)
White would lose at once by taking the Kt. with B.

15. P. to K. B. 4th. 15. P. takes P.
The defence apparently expected his opponent to take the Kt. at his 17th move, and by this manoeuvre meant to win the B. and Kt. in exchange for it.

16. Kt. takes Q. B. P. (ch.) 16. K. to Q. 2nd.
17. Kt. to K. 6th.

If Kt. takes R., White replies 17. P. takes B. (dis. ch.), and the Kt. cannot escape.

18. Kt. takes B. P. 17. Q. to K. R. 3rd.
Should the B. take P., White of course takes the Kt. with Q.

19. K. to Q. Kt. 1st. 18. B. to K. 2nd.
20. Kt. to Q. 5th. 19. Q. R. to Q. 1st.

21. P. to K. 5th. 20. K. R. to B. 1st.
22. P. takes P. 21. B. to B. 1st.

23. Kt. to Q. B. 7th. 22. R. to K. 3rd.
24. Kt. to K. 5th. 23. R. takes P.

White can hardly do anything better on account of the danger associated with the check of the Black Q.

24. Kt. to Kt. 5th. 24. B. takes Kt.
Black has obtained a powerful attack, and his opponent seems to have no other resource.

25. Q. takes B. (ch.) 25. K. to Q. B. 1st.
26. Q. to Q. B. 5th (ch.) 26. K. to Q. Kt. 1st.

27. R. takes R. 27. B. takes R.
28. R. to Q. 1st. 28. Q. to K. B. 3rd.

29. R. takes B. 29. K. to R. 1st.
30. B. to K. B. 2nd. 30. K. to Kt. 1st.

And Black forces checkmate in six more moves, forming a very pretty termination indeed.

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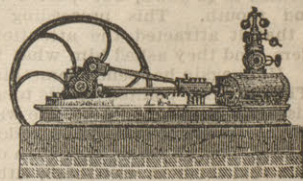
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